FEBRUARY GRAPHIC SURVEY

WHAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR IN AMERICAN LIFE? I : *John Haynes Holmes*

MIRIAM VAN WATERS *on* Parents

Ogden L. MILLS replies to Governor SMITH

THE MIND IN THE MACHINE by ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Joseph K. HART on the Chicago SCHOOLS

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Once each year SURVEY GRAPHIC brings out a racial number. Mexico, Ireland, Harlem, East by West—they have ranged far and near. Such will be our March Graphic—a magnificently illustrated, 96-page, special number,

An American Look at

FASCISM

E. C. LINDEMAN, Collaborating Editor

"It is because Fascism could so easily be made compatible with much in current American thought and practice," says Mr. Lindeman, "that it constitutes the first realistic challenge to the spirit of freedom and democracy which emerged from our Revolution of 1776." Other Contributors to this issue include:

FRANCIS HACKETT, who within the past month journeyed to Italy and interviewed Mussolini especially for this number, gives a full length portrait of the genius of the new Caesarism.

LINCOLN STEFFENS asks, "Is not the whole moral basis of liberalism unscientific?" He too has matched wits with Il Duce.

THOMAS W. LAMONT, of J. P. Morgan & Co., pictures Italy's Economic and Financial Progress Since 1922.

HENRY W. TAFT contributes his Impressions of Conditions in Italy Under Fascism.

WILLIAM BOLITHO, in a brilliant and acute article, tells what is lost when the press is no longer free.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON appraises with penetration and perspective the status of Italo-American Fascism.

ARNALDO MUSSOLINI, brother of the Premier, in an impassioned defense of Fascism, asserts that if "the historic March on Rome had been delayed a little longer, the soviets—alas! the liberal soviets—would have given Italy the last grotesque experiment in demagogy."

ALFREDO ROCCO, minister of justice and one of the leading spokesmen of Fascism, writes of its work and doctrine.

In Contrast

GAETANO SALVEMINI, liberal, historian, one of Italy's outstanding scholars, yesterday of the University of Florence, today a refugee lecturing in America, tells in gruesome detail of The Reign of the Bludgeon.

EDMONDO ROSSONI, yesterday an agitator under ban of the A. F. of L., today head of the Fascist labor movement, describes the "national corporations," comprising labor, technology and capital, wherein, he believes "Fascism has really created a different form of state."

GIUSEPPI PREZZOLINI speaks for the Schools and Religion Under Fascist Rule.

H. N. BRAILSFORD traces the spread of Fascist ideas throughout Europe and sees Fascism as "a state of mind, as widely diffused as Communism itself."

CIPRIANO E. OPPO, distinguished artist and critic, gives an account of Italian Art of Today. SILVIO D'AMICO discusses the Theatre; ARNALDO FRATEILI, The Figures of Literary Italy, and MARIO LABROCA, Music.

COUNTESS IRENE DI ROBILANT writes of the Women of Fascist Italy; SANFORD GRIFFITH of industrial operations under Fascism and W. Y. ELLIOTT of Fascist Syndicalism.

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THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

"WHAT the abolition of slavery was yesterday, the abolition of war is now become today," a sentence picked from JOHN HAYNES HOLMES's article might fairly be called a summary of his twenty years' ministry in the Community Church of New York. For war, at once and completely claps down the lid on all those "movements for progress and enlightenment" on which this fighting preacher has spent himself. His article begins a series to run in The Graphic throughout 1927 on What Is Worth Fighting for in American Life. Page 549.

FROM Henry Ford, of all people, JOSEPH K. HART gets the best illustration of how to work out schools that can serve in an industrial, urban civilization like ours. For, when he wanted something new, Ford turned away from the technical men and found "an adventurer with a fresh point of view." As most Graphic readers know, Dr. Hart is an associate editor who has been country school and high school teacher and professor of education at Reed College and the University of Washington. To his books are added this month two new titles, Adult Education and Light from the North. Page 552.

PIONEERS of co-education had to meet physical hardship no less than the indifference of educators. But FLORENCE KELLEY survived undergraduate diphtheria and a treatment which included a dose of brandy every two hours for four months. The story of her years at Cornell forms one of the most delightful chapters of her Notes of Sixty Years. Page. 557.

THE case for private ownership and operation of New York's great water-powers is put by OGDEN L. MILLS, congressman from New York, late opponent of Governor Smith for the governorship and shortly to be assistant secretary of the treasury. Page 563.

WHEN the judge of the Children's Court of New York met the referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles at a tea given by The Survey, he showed her a copy of her book, Youth in Conflict, literally worn to shreds in his chambers. In MIRIAM VAN WATERS' series of articles in The Graphic, which will later make another book, there is a sense of reality which comes of her long experience of bewildered little Californians and their parents, common to children and parents everywhere and in all walks of life. Page 565.

THE Tsar still reigned when JEROME DAVIS first went to Russia as a Y.M.C.A. war-worker. He served later under Kerensky and Lenin and last summer he met Stalin. In the personalities of these leaders he reviews the Russian Revolution, ten years old this month. Mr. Davis is a member of the faculty of the Yale Divinity School. His latest book, Business and the Church has just come from the press. Page 571.

ON January 1 ROBERT W. BRUÈRE became secretary on industrial relations of the J. C. Penney Foundation, sharing his time between the Foundation and The Survey, for which he will continue as associate editor in charge of the Industry Department. The appointment, announced by the director of the Foundation, Daniel A. Poling, was prompted by a desire to widen the scope of the studies in industrial government illustrated by Mr. Bruère's article, West Lynn, in Survey Graphic for April, 1926, 32,000 R.P.M. in the January Graphic and The Mind in the Machine on page 579 of this issue. The Foundation was particularly interested in the crossing of research with educational journalism, which Mr. Bruère has been developing in cooperation with The Survey staff during the past three years. Page 579.

ALAIN LOCKE was instrumental in bringing to this country the richly varied collection of Congo art which he describes. He will be warmly remembered by Graphic readers as the collaborating editor of our special Harlem issue of March, 1925. Page 587.

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SCISSORS PICTURE BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

VI. THE PUBLIC DINNER: "MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —"

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

FEBRUARY 1, 1927

Volume LVII, No. 9

What is Worth Fighting for in American Life?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

WHAT is worth fighting for in American life today is the same thing that was worth fighting for yesterday, and the day before. What is worth fighting for today will be worth fighting for tomorrow, and the day after. What is worth fighting for in America, is worth fighting for in Russia, in Italy, in India, in China. The battle for humanity changes neither with time nor place. Each age has its own drama, with its own characters and plot; each nation has its own climate, color, language, and spirit, with its distinctive problems; each soul caught in the tidal flow of human events brings thereto his own personal reaction of temperament, character and ideal, which changes as experience remakes the man. But the battle itself is still always and everywhere the same. For mankind is one; it moves, as it has ever moved, in one great march toward the unknown; it fights, as it must ever fight, against enemies without and within that bar its way.

I

I AWOKE to life in a family bathed in the tradition of the anti-slavery struggle. At intervals, for a period of years during my youth, I sat at the feet of a great-uncle, who wore the blue from Bull Run to Appomattox. The flame of freedom for the slave still burned in his soul as when he fought at Gettysburg, and later marched from Atlanta to the sea. More constant and more important was the influence of my grandfather, who was an Abolitionist in the days of Garrison and Phillips, and one of the young men who resolved in 1850 "that Theodore Parker be given a chance to be heard in Boston." A hundred times, from the lips of this beloved man, I heard the story of the anti-slavery meetings, of the Liberator, of the assault on Sumner, of the rendition of Anthony Burns, of John Brown and Harper's Ferry, of Theodore Parker and the Boston Music Hall. Through him I met some of the heroes of the great days—Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank Sanborn, Julia Ward Howe. In his library I read books, letters, documents—memorials of the battle for emancipation. Thus early was I grounded in an abiding sense of the rights of man, moved to pity for the downtrodden and oppressed, taught that only by labor, sacrifice and struggle can liberty be won!

Furthermore, in my contact with the memory of Theodore Parker, buried in 1859 in Florence under a slab appropriately inscribed, "The Great American Preacher," I learned the meaning of religion as primarily and necessarily an agency of social redemption. My grandfather worshipped Parker from the beginning to the end of his days. He was his parishioner and intimate friend, was married by him, named his only son after him. He preserved as his most precious possessions Parker's pulpit Bible, his cane, his book of prayer. Through my grandfather, the hero-worship of the great preacher was transmitted to me. I cannot recall that this took me into the ministry—other more direct influences were at work here. But I collected the Parker books and sermons, and

Where Do We Go from Here?

This is the first of a series of outspoken articles to be published in Survey Graphic throughout 1927. They will be written by men and women who, from radically differing backgrounds and in widely different fields, have borne creative relationship to their times. Each has been asked to give the roots in his own experience of what he feels is worth fighting for in American life today; the encounters which have fortified that faith, thrown it down, modified it, refreshed it, brought it to the point where he can share it with others as something to lay hold of.

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made them my own; I saw religion in militant action against the crowning social evil of its day, and understood religion from this time on to be thus an heroic crusade in the name of God for the establishment of justice and brotherhood upon the earth. To this day I cannot seem to recognize other aspects of religion—worship, prayer, theology, personal service—as really, essentially *religion*. These other elements appeared in Parker as in all true prophets of the soul, but it was the slavery issue that caught my attention, and stamped religion forever in my mind as a social force.

II

YET I cannot see that, even as late as my graduation from the divinity school, I ever carried these influences and emotions of my personal life over into the social issues of my own time! I didn't know that there *were* such issues. The battle against injustice in America, so far as I knew it, had been fought and won. With the freeing of the slaves, the cause of liberty was vindicated completely and for all time. The Negro was not yet fully emancipated, it was true; here we must finish what the Abolitionists had so triumphantly begun. But, aside from this, the work was done. "Ah," said my grandfather, again and again, after telling some vivid tale of Garrison or Parker, "you will never see such days as those." So I was indignant against oppression, outraged by inequality and injustice, hot for liberty only when I looked back to the past, not when I looked around me in the present. So far as my own time was concerned, I was complacent; or, if I was moved to wrath, now and then, it was against strikers who upset public order, against agitators who told wild tales of misery to serve their own individual and selfish purposes. I remember how, throughout my university days, I denounced trade unions; and how, when President Eliot proclaimed the "scab" to be "the great American hero," I swung my cap and cheered. These are reactions that are burned into my soul scars. I know how to sympathize with the college lads today who break a strike!

Then came upheaving experiences. I read Henry George's Progress and Poverty. I had seen a worn copy of this book in my father's house ever since I could remember. He had begged me to read it, but, with the blind perversity of youth, I refrained. Then, in my second year in the ministry, a parishioner placed a copy of this masterpiece in my hands, and I sat me down indifferently to look it over. In a few days—a few hours—my world was changed forever.

Then Washington Gladden talked about "tainted money," and something within me kindled into flame. Gladden's attack was directed against Rockefeller and the Standard Oil, and led me to Ida Tarbell's History, and on back to Henry D. Lloyd's Wealth Against Commonwealth. Lloyd's book did for me, I am certain, what Uncle Tom's Cabin did for millions before the Civil War. I saw for the first time, in my own time, evils which I had supposed had been destroyed forever.

Then came Walter Rauschenbusch and his Christianity and the Social Crisis. This was not the first but it was the greatest of a flood of books on religion and the social question which came pouring from the presses at that time. I bought and read them all—I have them still in my library, four or five shelves of them. There was nothing in them which Parker had not seen and stated, but they were written in the language of contemporary social evil, and I saw things I had never seen before.

Meanwhile, I had come to New York. I met Rauschenbusch and loved him. I met and worked with Josiah Strong. I went through unemployment crises, learned about child labor, tramped the tenement districts inside and outside, looked poverty in the face and searched its causes, hunted out the Socialists and read their literature. At last I discovered a slavery in our time greater, more widespread and more miserable than the chattel slavery of a half-century before. I saw an organized system of oppression more terrible than the slave-power of old. Democracy was being captured, shackled and used by capitalism, and the masses thus exploited in the factories and mines, like the former bondsmen on the plantations, for the benefit of the favored few. This was nothing new. There it was in Parker; I found it in Ruskin and Carlyle; then further back in Owen, Cobbett and Place—but it was new to me! And thanks to Parker, I was spiritually prepared to meet the issue as a religious challenge, and throw myself into the fight as a religious duty. It was the rights of man all over again—emancipation from economic servitude as the latest battle for the Kingdom of God.

All at once I was awake. I lived not merely in memory but in fact. I became a radical, seeking the overthrow of capitalism as my heroes of old had sought and achieved the overthrow of slavery. And everywhere I found comrades to work with and to love.

III

THEN, with the movement for the social revolution mounting higher and mightier, like a tide at the flood, with hopes aglow, with visions clear and beautiful, came

—The War!

—1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918!

—The Treaty of Versailles!

IV

IN March or April of 1914, a group of us held a dinner one night at the St. Denis Hotel for some social cause or another—I forget what. But one thing I remember, and that is that Walter Rauschenbusch was our speaker, and that he said words that only a prophet could have uttered.

We are told, he said, that we must be patient, content to move slowly, must bide our time: Rome wasn't built in a day! Don't believe it, he cried. We have not a moment to lose. If we are to do anything, we must do it quickly. *Now* is the hour—perhaps the last hour for us of this generation. For any moment—tomorrow, the day after—a war may break out, and then our chance will be gone. The world will revert on the instant to reaction, autocracy, perhaps to barbarism and savagery. We shall then have to fight, if we can fight at all, not for progress, but for the elemental things which we think achieved forever. But nothing is achieved when war comes. Everything goes! The ground quakes, then caves in beneath our feet. So it's now or never! Once America gets into war with Mexico, Japan—he did not mention Germany, as I recall—our enemies will be in the saddle, to ride roughshod for years.

It was as though a Jeremiah spoke that night! The war came within less than half a year, and with it, just as he prophesied, the ancient abominations. Rauschenbusch saw quickly this doom come down upon us, and died from the sorrow of it. Perhaps his fate was happier than that

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of those who survived to see their hopes destroyed and their life-work at an end.

V

IT *was* at an end—*that* life-work, to the music of whose fifes and drums we marched so gayly in the old days! Within a year after the War began, the old causes were gone; Roosevelt's "Progressivism" was dead, Wilson's "New Freedom" forgotten, and Socialism thrown into confusion and dismay. Steadily we were forced back from our advanced positions—public ownership, the enfranchisement of labor, economic freedom, industrial cooperation. These were all abandoned like war-trenches on the western front. By 1917, just as Walter Rauschenbusch had prophesied, we were fighting in the last ditch for the primary bases of democratic society — the civil liberties proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed in the Constitution. In a war never itself at any time worth fighting, here was one thing worth fighting for, and still worth fighting for—liberty in its elementary aspects of free speech, press and assembly, and in its wider implications of equality for men, for the black man with the white man, for the alien with the citizen, for the Catholic and Jew with the native Protestant. We have no America so long as these rights are denied or even threatened for any reason, or in any crisis of peace and war. Our institutions are only so much camouflage for ancient tyrannies if the equal freedom of any humblest man is ever put in question. There can be no content for honest souls, no surcease from struggle, no escape from the burden of misunderstanding, insult, persecution in this country, so long as the civil liberties of each are not scrupulously safeguarded by all as the primary condition of associated life. Till this ideal of freedom is made as natural and therefore as sure as the upright posture of the human frame, there will be something worth fighting for in America.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES of the Community Church, New York, who completes twenty years ministry there this February.

—His spirit has been a flame — leaping erect in the teeth of the wind. For the years of his ministry have been cast in times that have tried the fire in every man's soul.

—At the outset, an ardent flare in those torchlight processions of the American spirit, which broke through the settled mind-sets that had come down to us from the old century, and which made pageants of our hopes for the new.

—A kindling for the guttered sockets of our liberties during the war.

—And now that we are in the still watches, hugging our embered faiths and encompassed by the marsh-lights of materialism, the blaze of his hill-fire signals that for him day breaks along the rim of the world.

It was this loss of the whole great movement of social liberation which so held men's hearts before the War — this renewal, as though by some reversion of nature, of old battles for civil liberties which we had imagined long since won—which turned the idealistic passion of our time so hotly against war itself as the crowning evil of the modern world. Here is another thing worth fighting for in America, as in every country—the abolition completely and forever of war as a legal method of settling disputes between nations. What the abolition of slavery was yesterday, the abolition of war is now become today. For if a war should break out again tomorrow, it would do to us again just what it did in 1917-18. If we had any movements for progress and enlightenment well under way, they would again be destroyed, scattered to the winds. If there were any idealism kept sane from the madness of the hour, it would again have to exhaust itself in battling to preserve the elementary conditions of safe social existence. War poisons every atmosphere, saps every foundation, destroys every constructive accomplishment, slays the spirit as it blasts the hopes of humankind. Till it is itself destroyed, nothing else, in struggle either against evil or for good, is really permanently worth while. For war is the resurrection of dead evil, as it is the crucifixion of living good. So long as war endures as a legal institution of organized society, as even a possibility of human action, there can be no America as we have dreamed of it and loved it, no civilization in terms of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," nothing but armed terror and unloosed savagery. Hence the challenge to America to give no aid and comfort to militarism, but constantly and heroically to lead to ways of durable peace for men, that this nation throughout the world may be saved from final catastrophe! This is something worth fighting for today, at any sacrifice of "our lives, our fortunes,

(*Continued on page* 605)

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What Price System?

By JOSEPH K. HART

Confronted with the problems of education in our great industrial cities we retreat to the securities of the system on the analogue of the old time country-side "common school." "But that school," writes Prof. Hart, "stands bewildered amidst the throngs of the city street." And in Chicago, the city which for thirty years carried forward a great educational experiment in its public schools, he finds a permanent yearning, a healthy discontent.

EVENTS move rapidly in Chicago, like waves on the surface of Lake Michigan when an east wind is blowing. It is difficult to keep up with them, especially as they throw up great clouds of spray when they strike an obstacle—the waves on the lake, I mean. Politics, industry, religion, crime, education—who can follow the kaleidoscopic changes that play over the surface and through the spray? No situation lasts; no statement of conditions seems dependable. But, is there nothing that lasts under the surface of the lake, or in Chicago? Let the question be directed to education and the schools.

For thirty years, Chicago had known little but warfare in school affairs, until war had become tradition. Then, in 1925, peace was proclaimed—by edict. What happened? During the year 1924-25, the city newspapers had carried one hundred and one headlines using the words "fight," "feud," "breaks" and "slaps" in referring to school matters. In the succeeding year, those papers carried but eight such headlines. So last fall peace seemed assured: there would be no more east gales!

By December, the winter storms had set in and the surface of events was lashed by new furies. Some recent appointees to the school board were to be confirmed by the City Council. Local patriots took a hand, and asked the candidates, "Will you, if confirmed, vote to unhorse the outsider who is superintendent of schools and choose in his place a Chicagoan?" A noble issue to raise a fancy spume! What has a man's birth-place to do with his abilities? Ask the politicians, most of whom were born elsewhere. There are reasons, having to do not with education but with the perquisites of office, building sites and the like.

So, storms like these get the headlines, but they are surface affairs. We must look beneath the surface for the real issue—leaving behind the newspapers, the City Council and its politicians, the talk of the street and all the petty waves that people waste their emotions upon. Let us look into the schools themselves.

Recently I had opportunity to make some personal investigations. The situation was not entirely strange to me. I had lived in Chicago for five years while studying "education" at the university. I had followed the old fight between the Teachers' Federation and its enemies—the tax-dodgers, newspapers, school boards and superintendents—with keen interest. I had once been employed by a citizens' committee for a few days to make an investigation into the ways of Chicago school boards. Even while living in a distant part of the country, I maintained an eager interest in the Chicago situation. So I came to this personal investigation with some of the history of the case ready to my hands. The time at my disposal was too brief, but even so, I came upon some deep-running currents in the Chicago school system.

One of these has been flowing and ebbing for at least thirty years, under all the surface waves and blinding scud, and it is important enough, in view of certain recent developments, to be described in some detail. I shall set the story down as I know it, not with any desire to praise or to blame, but because educational issues, present everywhere, have come to dramatic climax in Chicago. The public must ultimately reckon with those issues. They are fundamental to our civilization: they rise out of the deeps of human living; they rise to the crests of human hope; they are not "academic," they are vital.

The first notable fact about this Chicago situation is the deep unrest of the seas where this current runs. Notwithstanding the edict of 1925 and the headline proof of peace, this unrest is present. The testimony is universal. This unrest is not, as often in the past, open rebellion; it is something deeper, not to be cured by the mere veering of the winds. It runs through the schools and the community. It is found in the Chicago Teachers' Federation, in the Men's and Women's High School Federations, in teachers and principals who do not belong to the unions; in the School Board, in the supervisory staff, and it is not unknown in the offices of the superintendents. It is outside the schools, in the criticisms of radicals, in the questionings of liberals, in the doubtings of public-spirited citizens, in the charges, not always credible, of labor leaders. Old warfares may have passed, but the currents of unrest run deep.

What is it all about?

The answer to this question takes us back to the remarkable story of the last thirty years in Chicago's schools. Throughout those years Chicago has been, not too willingly, the scene of a great educational experiment, on the large scale. Its full story cannot be told here. Enough to say, now, that that experiment, which was begun in a time of Great Expectations and under the personal stimulation of three great educational theorists—Francis W. Parker, John Dewey, and Ella Flagg Young—undertook to reorganize the whole school system of Chicago on lines of modern and democratic principles, in contrast with the formal principles and practices theretofore in control in those schools, as well as in most other systems in the land. These thirty years have been, as all Chicagoans know and as others may guess, years of turbulence in school affairs.

The issues at stake cannot be stated with intellectual

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nicety, because emotional factors distort all our educational deliberations, and because, in this very human world, educational programs, however diverse they may seem, always overlap at points. But, if the following statements are not taken as completely disjunctive, they will help to place the emphases of the two parties to the argument: The dominant group in our public school-systems holds that if society, through its institutions, including especially the school, can establish order, freedom will take care of itself. The "modern" school, on the other hand, holds that if education can secure and establish freedom, order will take care of itself; "freedom is the only true discipline." That is to say, the formal school stands for order, for the discipline of the young, and holds that freedom for the individual must ever be subordinated to the need of security for the group. On the other hand, the "modern" school stands for freedom for the individual, and holds that the only order and security that can be had, or that amounts to anything when had, is that which comes of freedom. But, neither side holds its own doctrine absolutely, save in moments of hot debate, when emotions take the place of reasons and charges take the place of facts.

The deflecting of the whole Chicago system in this "modern" direction began in the '90s of the last century and reached its climax in the period from 1909 to 1915, when Mrs. Young was superintendent of schools. But the supporting influences began early to fail. Colonel Parker died in 1902. Professor Dewey left Chicago for New York in 1904. And Mrs. Young, in whose executive personality the experiment had culminated, left the Chicago schools in 1915. No effective successor remained. The experiment dragged along with weary ups and downs, until May, 1924, when by executive order, the Teachers' Councils, its last visible reminder, were dissolved. That was supposed to end the matter: the experiment was written off as a failure. A business administration took charge of the School Board, and shortly thereafter peace was proclaimed by edict. A year later, that is in 1926, evidence such as the tally of newspaper headlines was presented to the people of Chicago as proof that peace had come.

But now, ignoring the surface storms that lash the times, we must face the fact that an experimental movement that has run deep in the attention and loyalties of many teachers for many years cannot be so easily dammed and stopped. Something works through. That current is still in the schools, with something of the surge of those thirty years still in it. And, unless all signs fail, it will remain. What is to be the outcome?

Nobody knows. Here is a problem in social or educational engineering, but the situation is characterized, not by intelligence but by emotions, by struggles for prestige, by various sorts of crimination and recrimination, as is usually the case in our very human conflicts. To be sure, that orginal experiment never had much of a chance. It was never understood by the public which, having no conception of education as the fostering of intelligence, can have no adequate understanding of the part the teachers' own initiative must play in a good school. Perhaps even most of the teachers never quite accepted Mrs. Young's doctrine that both teachers and children must feel some sense of a share in the task of school administration, although that doctrine is now becoming commonplace in industry, a leading American industrialist holding that even the elevator boys in his plant are a part of the administration. The newspapers

Ella Flagg Young

were almost continuously hostile to the program. School boards did not know what it was all about. After 1915, with the loss of Mrs. Young, the experiment drifted to futility and defeat. The judgment of "failed" passed upon it in 1924 was not unwarranted. Everyone was sick of experiments in 1924; that was the year of retreats everywhere. The public wanted an end of uncertainties. "Give us system," was the cry, and the school officials prepared to furnish System.

Even the teachers were ready. "We are tired," said many of them, "of being expected to do things on our own initiative. Nobody means it; and all we get out of it is blame for doing things badly—that is, differently. If we were told what to do and held responsible for results, we might get somewhere." I was warned, more than once, to be cautious. Men said: "After thirty years of war, this city intends to have a system of schools, with a man who knows his business at the head and with teachers doing what they're supposed to do. If you dare write anything about what you find here, for heaven's sake, don't say anything that will interfere with the development of a real school system." Therefore, let the reader take warning. Nothing set down here is to be construed as an argument against a real school system, that is, one which will be able to do the work of education in a modern industrial city, like Chicago —if anyone knows what such a system is like.

The city wants a system. What shall be the nature of that system? Official documents and public discussion disclose a ready answer. The system must provide, under the state constitution, for "a common school education for all

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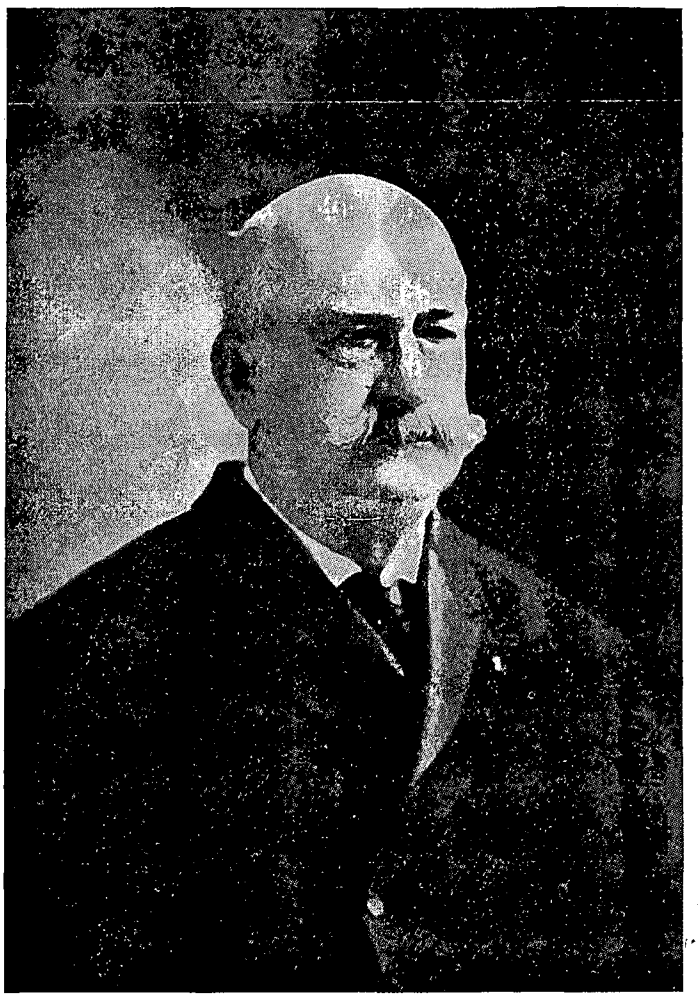

Francis W. Parker

children," whatever that may be; it must help fulfill provisions of the federal constitution which call for "a more perfect union" with "justice, tranquility" and the like; it must meet state provisions which require the teaching of "honesty, kindness, justice, moral courage for the purpose of lessening crime and raising the standards of good citizenship, American patriotism, and the principles of representative government." It must employ practices that will give children habits and skills of a useful sort; loyalties that express respect for law and duty; and knowledge that will provide useful information, and, mayhap, in some cases, intelligence.

The school is thus conceived as an institution where the community keeps its store of habits, loyalties and knowledge, and to which the children will repair to get their life supplies of those commodities. The community is the final authority as to what the child needs: but the community delegates authority in these matters to a school board, which, in turn, employs a technical staff to carry on the actual work of schooling. Theoretically, the true school is in the class-room, where the teacher meets the child; everything that is done by boards or officials is done for the purpose of making this meeting of the teacher and the child "fruitful in educational values." But the system is a going concern. It employs twelve thousand teachers, teaches a half million pupils, has a yearly budget of nearly eighty million dollars. This is big business. The taxpayer must get value for his money. A business of this size must be run realistically. An eighty-million-dollar concern cannot spend too much high-priced administrative time on a three-thousand-dollar employe, even though that employe is a teacher meeting children in the class room. One teacher out of a thousand is not many, it's the system that counts. Children come and go; teachers appear and disappear; even superintendents do not last long: the school goes on. It has come down out of the past, hoary with history. It conserves the community. It shapes the materials of childhood into uses for the world. It preserves the relatively important modes of adult experience, selected by the race in its ten thousand generations, as against the relatively unimportant moods of the five- or the ten-year-old child. It turns the child—the product of the brutal biological ages—into something fit to be the heir of the Age of Civilization, with its devotions to science, democracy, industry, fellowship and peace. At least, it is reassuring to think so.

The system, we are prone to believe, guarantees the habits, skills, attitudes and knowledge needed by our stage of civilization: efficiency and accuracy; thoroughness in the fundamentals; desirable types of character; and that ultimate "success" which marks the complete adjustment of the individual to his world. Under no sophistry of "freedom," or "initiative" may the system abdicate this work, for it concerns not merely a few thousand children today, but the whole future of orderly civilization.

Such a system is in accord with our other social institutions today, especially as since the war we have revived some of our great primitive fears, such as fear of new experiences, fear of non-conforming individuals, fear of ideas, fear of the unknown, fear of children. Through the ages, the race has been afraid of its children. Plato wrote, echoing his own primitive fears: "Of all animals, the boy is the most insidious, sharp-witted, unmanageable; wherefore he must be bound with many bridles." So, in all ages, systems of moralities, prohibitions, repressions, subordinations and initiations have grown into folkways, and have been used to forestall the rising generation and to save existent society from the menace ever present in the untutored child. The school has taken over much of this task of moralization or socialization. School teachers did not invent these processes, they are survivals of the ages of primitive fears. The fearful part of our age wants just this sort of education: the more of it the better. "Fundamentals"—that's what we want! And why?

If we could translate this mood into speech, we should get something like the following rationalization of our current schooling: We have today in America the best civilization the world has ever known. Affairs may need occasional patching, but no new fabric. The present adult generation, under God and by inheritance, owns and controls this civilization. Our money and our emotions are invested in it; our security rests upon it; it suits our moral inclinations, our economic habits, our political propensities, our religious hopes; and our minds have no difficulty in defending it, when the facts are not stacked against us. Therefore, we do not intend to permit any newcomer, whether impudent child not yet dry behind the ears, or impertinent foreigner who doesn't even speak good English, to try to tell us how to run this world. We've labored too long for that. We want our children taught devotion to this economic and social order, and to the constitution ("Leave out the amendments; they add nothing to the document"). We want to see civilization built into our children in the schools.

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And this attitude has support among some educational theorists, too. Professor Charles H. Judd, of the University of Chicago, says in his latest book, The Psychology of Social Institutions, published in 1926: "The standards and judgments of the group are, on the whole, superior to the standards and judgments of the individual." Hence, he argues, "the school must take over the nervous system of the child and mould it to patterns furnished by the community."

It is this traditional public school system, revived because of fears that come of cities too big to understand themselves, and of educational conditions that appal by reason of numbers, and rationalized by an educational theory that makes intellect identical with living, that now in Chicago, joins issue with what remains of the ideals and practices of that thirty-years experiment in freedom. The system finds some resistance, as is not unlikely in America. Of course, not all resistance is praiseworthy. The lazy, the conscienceless, the holders of sinecures all resist change; but these refuse the responsibilities of freedom, too, with quite the same unanimity. They should not be confused with those who resist intelligently and critically, of whom there are many.

For the system as now developing in the era of peace is widely resented and resisted, by teachers, by intelligent public opinion, and even by some officials. This resentment gathers mainly about what seems to many a deliberate attempt to secure order by mechanizing instruction, thus reducing the teacher to an automaton, and the child to a sort of memory-machine. One critic says, "They want to 'Ford-ize' the schools." An ancient conundrum has been revived—

Why is a school room like a Ford?

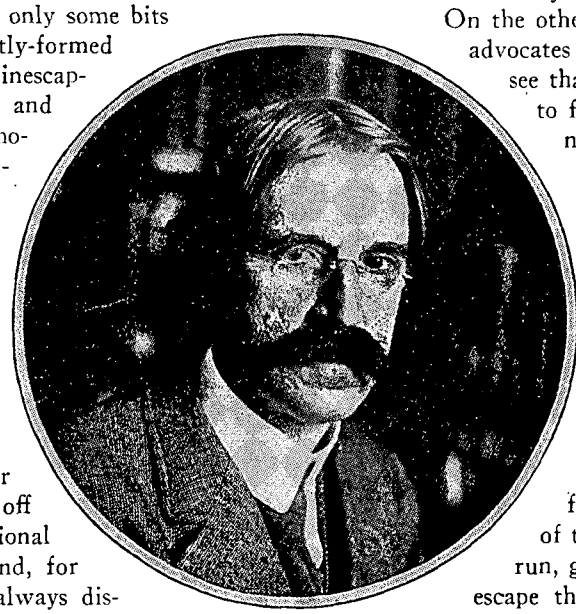
Because there's a crank up front and a lot of little nuts back behind.

This system, say the more intelligent teacher-critics, is effective in getting work done—if you don't care what the work is. It certainly makes the wheels go round. "Our teachers are working harder than ever before." Say the supporters of the system. "Yes," reply the teachers, "at things less worth doing, such as writing endless reports and filling out useless questionnaires. But we are doing less *teaching* then ever before—if that means anything." These critics say that this revived system does not release intelligence in either teachers or pupils; it does not assure understanding of the world, but at most only some bits of scattered information, a few partly-formed habits, and to most children, an inescapable sense of failure and defeat; and it can not produce genuinely democratic loyalties, but only unintelligent habituation to the routines of job, sect, and party, or a more or less complete disintegration of the moral personality through the after-effects of the process of "getting by," to which all children resort more or less.

Moreover, say these critics, system tends directly to an institutional hierarchy, in which the higher administrative officials are cut off from all contacts with real educational process and are compelled to depend, for all their information, on the not always disinterested reports of their subordinates. These subordinates often find it easy and advantageous to build up personal organizations within the system, where they play the petty monarch in their own private domains. Under the former system, with the Teachers' Councils, any teacher could be heard and real educational intelligence could play up and down the scale of positions and duties. But now a Chinese wall is building about the higher officials, shutting them off from the teachers and from all spiritual understanding of the educational situation.

Are these criticisms valid? Nobody knows. They are not to be accepted as valid or as fallacious merely because they are made by teachers. Much modern educational theory supports them. Modern educational psychology tells us that intelligence develops in the handling of problems, in the solving of conflicts, in the following up of actual interests. Now system largely eliminates the children's own problems, conflicts, and interests, and substitutes lessons to be learned. And system compels teachers to devote so much personal energy to defending their own intellectual and spiritual integrities that they have only fractional energies to devote to these lessons to be learned. Hence, the whole system becomes mechanical, formal, remote from life and the world. This is the ultimate reason why the most intelligent teachers and thoughtful liberals are, without exception, critics of this self-enclosed school system. These groups want an educational instrumentality that finds room for mind to grow. They hold that problems and intellectual conflicts are not evils to be outlawed, but great human goods—the sources of all the gains the race has ever made. They want intellectual activity, not mental stagnation; and they hold that the only basis upon which the imposition of system can be justified is that those who advocate system do not expect the race to make any further gains as long as the world—or at least, the system—stands.

Now it is a common error of the advocates of system that they seem unable to distinguish between the inert and corrupt on the one hand, and the intelligent critic on the other. The supporters of system usually assume that their own is the only possible sort of order and that any critic of their position is, without further proof, a conscious rogue. The word "freedom" seems to them a sort of blind from behind which enemies of the race can attack our most sacred institutions with immunity.



John Dewey

On the other hand, it is a common error of the advocates of freedom that they seem unable to see that order of some sort is indispensable to freedom; that freedom and order are not to be set in eternal opposition but that almost any kind of order may be filled with the spirit of freedom. True, one element in the failure of Mrs. Young's great experiment was the difficulty of organizing the world for freedom. But that experiment was not the last of its kind and its failure was not conclusive. Certainly that failure does not mean that the world must give up freedom for the sake of order; to give up either of these factors would mean, in the long run, giving up both of them. Freedom can escape the limitations of order not by overthrowing it, but by transcending it and using it.

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Hence, because the issues in Chicago have often become too personal, they have taken on absurd forms. Frequently both sides have seemed to see nothing but a complete disjunction: order versus freedom—you can have the one or the other, but you cannot have both.

But no reputable person in Chicago admits any such disjunction in his own mind; at least, I found none. No one is for order and against freedom, or vice versa. Everyone, in his lucid moments is for both. "Why can't we have both?" he asks, rather plaintively.

But such an attitude means that this Chicago controversy is not in the realm of morals, as many people would like to believe, with the "good" people all on one side, and the "bad" people all on the other. It is in the realm of social logic: the goods and the bads are so interwoven that nothing but the most painstaking investigation can ever determine what is good and what is bad. The issues between order and freedom are probably not anywhere today, and certainly not in Chicago, issues between individuals and groups. They are issues within individuals, on both sides of the ostensible controversy. Those issues are within us all. They boil down to the problem of modern civilization, namely, How can we live in society and still be free? How can we have freedom—that boon promised by all the modern centuries—and still have the security that comes of living in ordered society—that human community for which the ten thousand generations have labored? Is there any solution for this problem?

Not in calling individuals or groups good or bad—on either side, by either side. Its solution, if one shall ever be found will come of the application not of moralistic classifications, but of intellectual analysis, of scientific investigation, perhaps of long, intelligent experimentation to the diverse facts in the situation all in the spirit of good-will. Here we can dispense with emotional moralists who hold that all the good is on our side and all the bad on the other side, with nothing between. Here we need scientists who are able to believe that both those who lay the emphasis upon freedom and those who advocate order are equally desirable citizens, equally patriotic; and that both doctrines have something to contribute to that larger future we all envisage, if we have the patience and the technics to find out what is good in each.

But, as long as we have our institutional absolutists—schoolmen who argue that 'if the school were let alone to do its work, it would solve all these problems in a jiffy"—we shall also have emotionalists who will do little but call attention to evils in the system. We shall get rid of neither of these, however, by merely inviting them to "make themselves scarce." They will both "stick around" and even serve ends by calling attention to factors scientific investigators would likely overlook or deny. But, the educational situation calls for men and women who are through with merely *emoting* about education, on the one hand, and with merely re-affirming platitudes about "the service of the schools," on the other. There is nothing sacred about a school organization: it's a tool, and like any other tool, it needs to give an account of itself at times. There is room for educational statesmen here; for critical laymen to use their minds; for rebellious teachers to escape from mere rebellion into intelligence; and for troubled officials who want to save and to integrate their modern views and their sense of system and order into a single educational program —with a view to the furthering of civilization.

After all, the real question in education in the modern industrial city is this: Can any institution like the organized school subserve the real interests of education under present social conditions? Those interests would seem to include efficiency, freedom, vocational interest, initiative, humane culture, beauty, joy of living, scientific intelligence, and justice among men. Can schooling of any sort release, cultivate and bring to maturity these interests and capacities, both in the individual and in the group, in the modern city? Nobody knows. Nobody knows how to educate today, in the industrial city. Experiments and inquiries in this field are frowned upon and misunderstood; and we retreat from intelligent inquiry into the processes of education to the fancied securities of system, on the analogue of the old-time countryside common school, which in its old time neighborhood, in the midst of the inclusive activities of the farm and shop and household, gave us a crude but very real education, but which, incontinently uprooted from that old milieu, and brought to the city, stands today bewildered and mildly tolerated by the heedless throngs of the city streets.

That's our problem, now: What must educating become, under these changed conditions? And what sort of instrument must we have for this purpose? These problems are not being faced squarely, anywhere, today. They are not problems that any individual or group can solve. They are problems of the whole community, of our whole civilization. The city, frightened, may demand system—knowing little else. School officials may provide system—as the shortest way out. The whole educational situation may be compromised by politicians. Scared officials may yield to fallacious arguments while strong men and groups jockey for personal or class advantage. These are all in the democratic dialectic. Psychologists, even, may prove by infallible tests the finality of their own prejudices, and institutionalizers may run away with the "swag." Most of these doings are surface waves, or spray that blinds. Most of them do not touch the great currents that run deep in the educational welter of the times.

Rebellious teachers may fight system and mechanization, blindly striking out for freedom, driven by a sense of impending dangers. The materialistic crowd may cry "Peace, peace," but there can be little peace—not because men are perverse, but because life is what it is. No man can stop life's currents or deny its deeps by setting up his own private tempest. Mrs. Young did not supply the energies that moved Chicago in her direction through an eventful period —she merely furnished the direction. When her directing was ended, those energies did not dissolve, they merely began to run for a time in other directions. They are still there. Given intelligent direction, they can again be devoted to the development of community intelligence, to the fructifying of all contemporary social effort. Why should we be content with mere system in education when we might have intelligence as well?

Doubtless we shall have both in time. But optimism will not bring that result; it will require broad social wisdom and rare professional courage. It will mean that the community must put the best educational intelligence it has at work investigating these areas of social and educational unrest. Nor may we assume that that "best educational intelligence" is now in the schools. The point is well made in a fine review of the new Henry Ford book, Today and Tomorrow, in the September, 1926, number of The Educational Review. I quote: (*Continued on page* 600)

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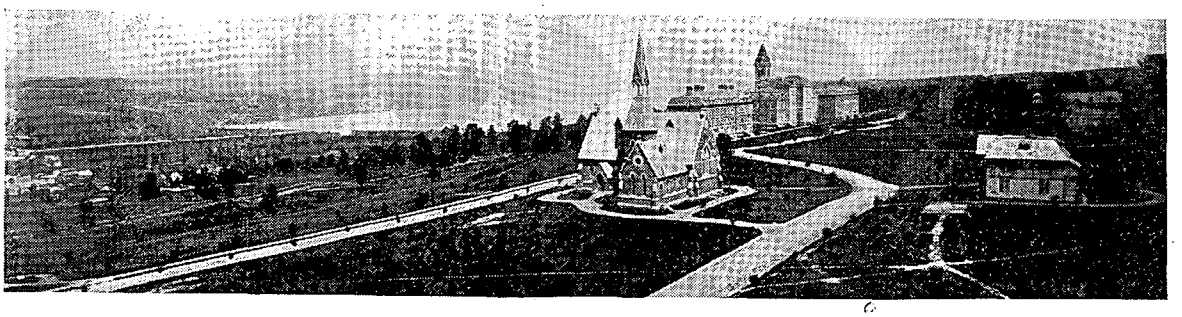

Sage chapel with the high tower was a feature of Cornell campus in 1875

When Co-education Was Young

By FLORENCE KELLEY

ENTERING college was for me an almost sacramental experience. Two long years I had lived for it, since that lonely morning when I found, in the otherwise empty waste basket in my father's study, Cornell's offer of equal intellectual opportunity to women. Cornell was the first eastern university to make this glorious offer. The ideal of Ezra Cornell far exceeded everything that had gone before. He said in varying forms, on different occasions: "I would found an institution where anyone may study any subject!" This I read in the fourth annual report and forthwith begged Father to let me prepare. Not until then did I know that, years before, he had worked with Andrew D. White to get the Morrill Act adopted by Congress, under which landgrant colleges and universities now exist. Mr. White became the first President of Cornell, but was much absent, while I was a student, as Ambassador to Berlin.

Careful enquiry soon revealed that there was no school in Philadelphia equipped to fit a girl thoroughly for college, low as the standard of entrance requirements then was. It was my grotesque experience to be prepared by tutors and governesses themselves not college bred. My college preparation was in fact pure sham. Only an excellent verbal memory which enabled me to cram, coupled with the lax college standards, permitted me to enter the freshman class in 1876, with all the entrance conditions inevitable for a girl from a great city which afforded not one fitting school for girls.

I was then sixteen. I entered Cornell, just as the first women graduated from that University, and in the ensuing decade I was to share the liberty and equality that characterized the early days of co-education; was to be denied opportunity for graduate work in the University of Pennsylvania in my own city of Philadelphia, only to be admitted less than a year later to the Law School of Zurich, a university in that land of freedom which had, for a generation, opened wide its doors to men and women from all the world on equal terms.

THE dissolving concepts in men's minds—the expanding opportunities for women in intellectual life, in politics, in industry, the gains and setbacks of sixty years do not stand out like blues and reds on a wall map; but it is easy to gauge progress in social institutions and thought by selecting an outstanding event, and marking changes among familiar things.

Such an event for me, in the summer before going to Cornell in September 1876, was the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. I see again the first day, with President Grant leading the procession to the place of the opening ceremonies. The crowd was terrific as crowds went in those days, and the Exposition, the first international one in the country, seemed overwhelmingly impressive to my young eyes. Many foreign exhibits would have been beautiful in any surroundings, among them the porcelains and pottery wares from England, France and Belgium.

The thrill of the summer was going into a booth in the Fair grounds at a time agreed upon with some friend in another booth, and conversing over the telephone. That was the miracle of that Exposition. It was perhaps, the next great technical step toward unifying the world since the laying of the Atlantic cable. In memory I link it with an episode three years later in France, that stands out as vividly.

Among Father's most valued correspondents was Monsieur Henri Cernuschi, an Italian who had been an active patriot when Italy was becoming united, and before the first Victor Emmanuel became King. M. Cernuschi, by conviction an anti-monarchist Republican, then became a citizen of Paris in protest against the lost opportunity of United Italy

"The century-long struggle to open wide the new world of higher education was hardly more than begun in my girlhood," writes Mrs. Kelley; "and," she adds, "is yet to be won." So it is that in this second instalment of her Notes of Sixty Years, she links with engaging experiences as a freshman at Cornell in the seventies, a fresh assault on the barriers that still hedge reaches of American university life against women—notably faculties, boards of trustees and professional schools. Characteristically, she links with her criticism trenchant proposals for improvement.

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to become a republic. He invited us to breakfast at his museum in the Parc Monceau, a superb building filled with rare oriental bronzes, which M. Cernuschi occupied throughout the remainder of his life, and bequeathed with his entire fortune to the City of Paris. He was the most beautiful old man I have ever seen, with large deep set hazel eyes, snowy hair, and black brows. His imposing surroundings, which would have made a less impressive person shrink to insignificance, seemed a harmonious and suitable setting for this noble figure. His was the first house in Paris lighted by electricity, and he told us with keen amusement how he had arranged a great ball, when his treasures were all assembled ready to be viewed. Unhappily the ladies arrived with faces arranged for candlelight. At first glimpse of the utterly unmodulated crude electric light they fled, and the ball became "what you call in English a stag party. That was a sad anti-climax!"

President Andrew D. White

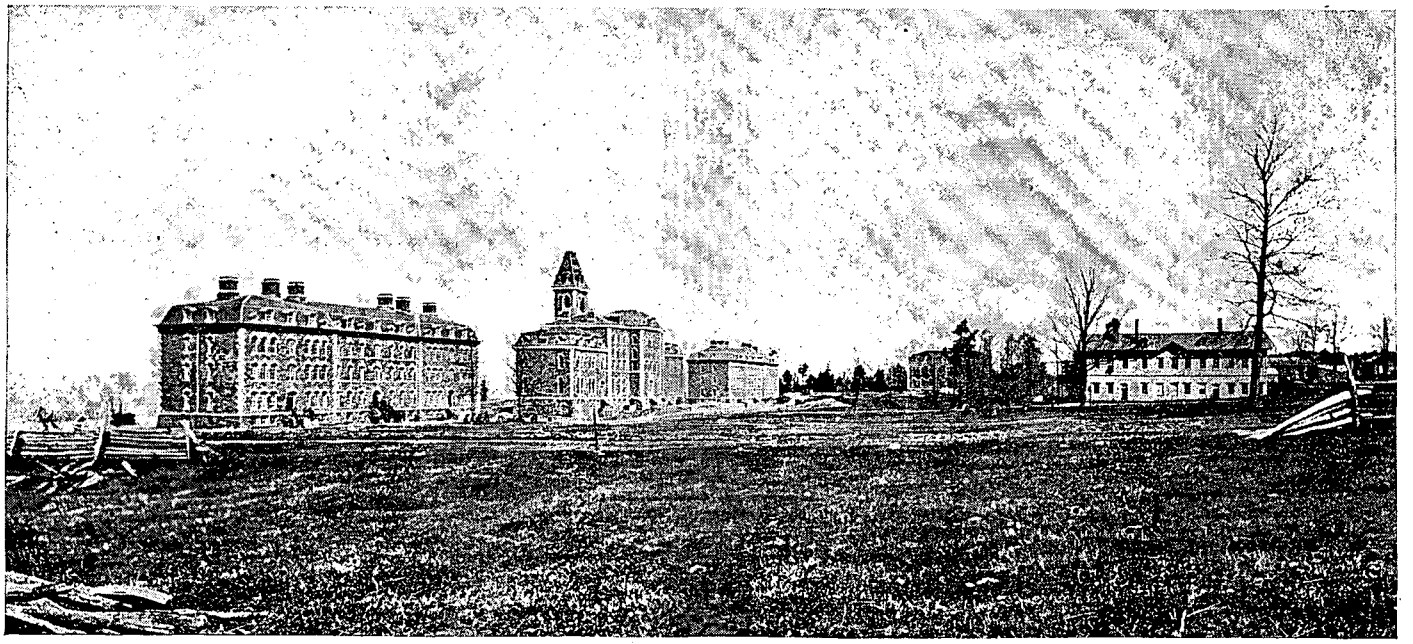
Today we take the telephone and the electric bulb for granted without enquiring how many of our current ideas, social, educational and political antedate them.

Far less conspicuous, though perhaps as significant was another change in our habits foreshadowed at the Centennial. A lasting gift of Europe to America was in the field of foods, made by an enterprising Austrian, who had already acquainted Vienna with a cream of tomato soup, and who introduced his bakeries and restaurants into this country largely by means of this delightful viand, since appropriated everywhere. Indeed our interest in diversifying food products and improving the diet of people of all origins and traditions has never since diminished in peace or war time.

How few of us realize that the entry of women's clubs as a permanent element in American life was contemporaneous with the coming of tomato soup! And with what fear and trembling one of the earliest clubs was founded, and our brother man's approval openly sought by the world-old way of the stomach. An example of the continued interest aroused by the Exposition was the procedure of the New Century (women's) Club of Philadelphia, founded in that year. The charter members included several suffragists, a journalist or two, a few teachers and some philanthropists, the instigator of the adventure being Mrs. Eliza Turner, writer of some charmingly humorous, and a few beautiful poems. This group, eager to avoid ridicule by the press, and to gain friends among conservative men, made its first public appearance in a fine old house of the Girard estate. To a few carefully chosen guests it gave a Nine Cent Dinner, and made known its intention of establishing a cooking school. The dinner was superlatively successful; the costs were convincingly set forth; the food was tempting and sustaining; and the speaking was long remembered as full of wit and savor. The success of the club was assured from that evening.

Looking back a half century, however, it is hard to believe that all those precautions were necessary for inaugurating one of the conservatively useful movements of women in these United States.

I was free to pass every alternate day at the Fair. The other day was spent struggling with conditions left over



Cornell campus about 1870

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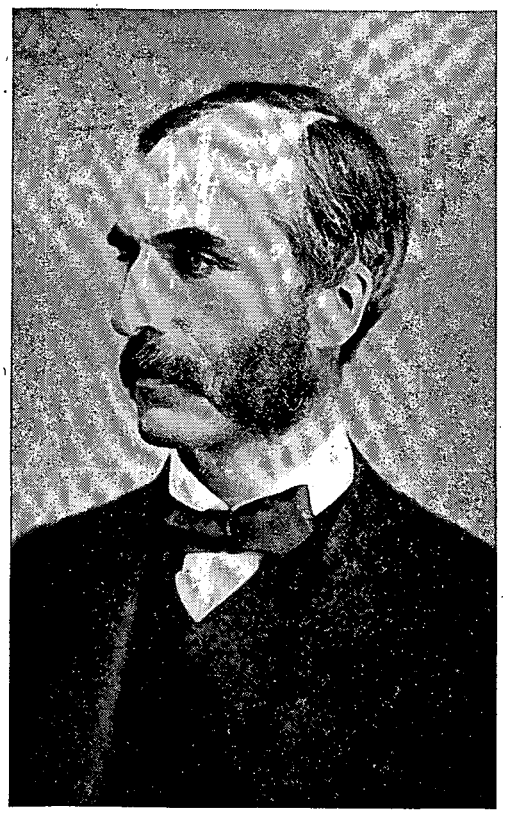
from my June college examinations in Greek, Latin and Algebra. In the educational department I saw more than once an impressive figure studying the exhibits of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other kindred schools. Unaccompanied by a secretary, this gentleman worked all the morning with note-books and enquiries addressed to the head of the educational exhibit. Quite unaware of the annoyance that I might be causing the distinguished stranger, I also spent mornings in the division of Education. What held him longest was the beautiful contribution of the Russian Imperial Technical Schools. Before the end of the summer I learned that this student was Dom Pedro, then still Emperor of Brazil.

Occasionally I persuaded some young friend to go with me, but rarely, more than once. I was slow, too interested in the things which might be useful to Father, who was too absorbed in the excitements of the campaign preceding the Hayes-Tilden presidential election, to spend strength in visiting the Exposition. It might well have broken his heart, for the general bad taste and bad quality of our own products has never been approached at any later World's Fair. Only the "infancy" of our industries palliated our impudence in inviting the world to look at them, and send goods for comparison with them. There is, however, some slight solace in the memory of a candid Englishman's famous reference to their exhibits in 1851 as "cheap and nasty."

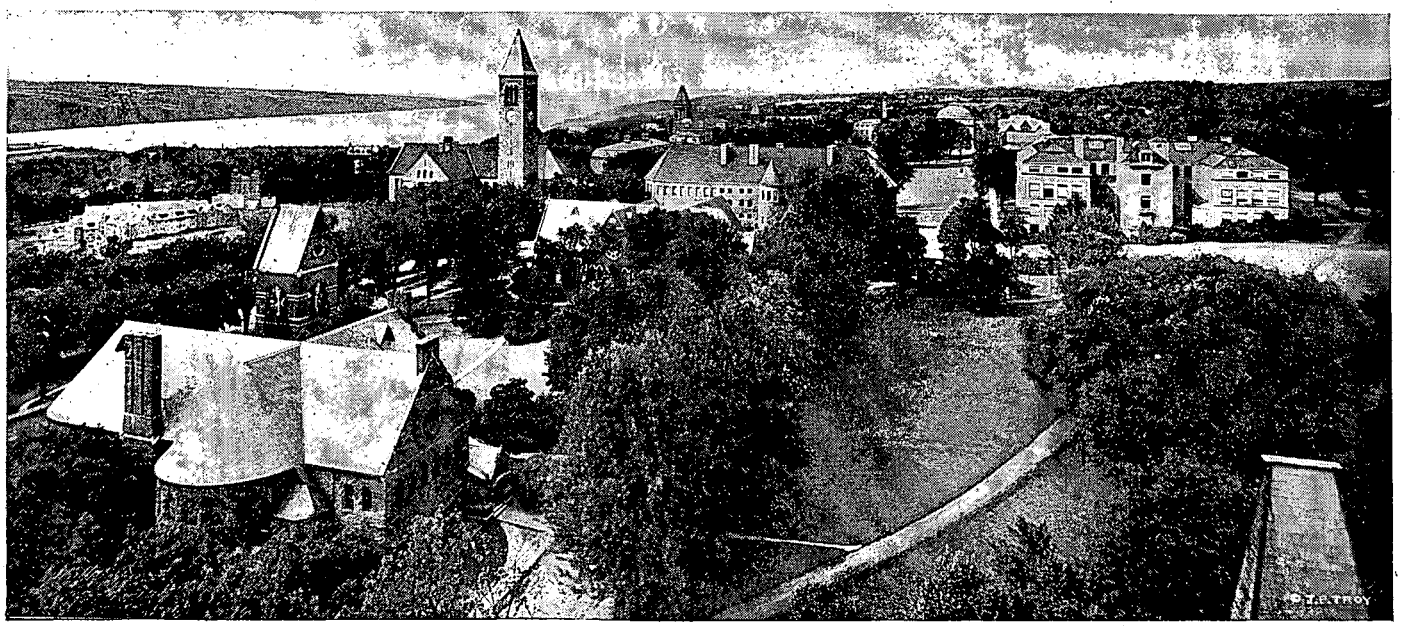
The change, seen from this distance, between the Centennial in 1876 and the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, less than twenty years later, was indeed marvellous.



Professor Goldwin Smith

The dominant note in 1893 was beauty in architecture, in lighting, in grouping of buildings and exhibits, and finally in the exhibits themselves. The Chicago Fair registered the coming of age of American industry and engineering on its technical side.

MY freshman year was one continued joy. An-hungered and athirst for learning, and for young companionship, which now abounded on every side, and aware in every waking hour of the surrounding outdoor beauty, here was indeed delight. Little did we care that there was no music, no theater, almost no library; that the stairs to the lecture halls were wooden, and the classrooms heated with coal stoves. No one, so far as I know, read a daily paper, or subscribed for a monthly or a quarterly. Our current gossip was Froude's life of Carlyle. We read only bound volumes. I do not believe that the New York Nation had one subscriber in Ithaca. That was the year when President Hayes was "counted in" by a Congressional commission sitting in New Orleans. Father was sent thither as an observer and wrote me about the exciting occasion. But none of my friends among the students was interested enough to listen to his letters. The one person outside our own group of whom we heard with alert interest was Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the first woman graduate from the Paris School of Medicine who had recently begun to practise in New York city. I was deeply impressed when Ruth Putnam, her sister a junior, brought me an invitation to join a group reading Swinburne with Miss M. Carey Thomas, then a senior. But if there was sustained, serious reading, thought or discussion occurring on the campus, outside of the science



Cornell Campus today

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laboratories, I was not aware of it. The next year, however, I shared in founding the first Cornell Social Science Club, and served as its first secretary.

The elective system carried to the utmost extreme tempted my inexperience. Undismayed by entrance conditions in Latin, Greek and mathematics, I embarked upon a schedule of twenty-five hours a week of ancient and modern languages and mathematics, besides those heavy arrears. Yet I always had two hours daily for outdoor exercise. I listened and recited, studied, memorized and acquired. I walked, rode, drove and danced.

Florence Kelley in 1879

The few modest grey stone or brick buildings on the campus formed an unobtrusive part of a gloriously beautiful region. They crowded the eastern hillside, above a lovely valley, with Lake Cayuga stretching northward. In the early evening a long, slowly changing pageant filled with gold and color the great bowl of the southern end of the valley, brimming with the green of treetops under radiant cloud masses. In the brilliant sunshine of late September, cloud shadows moved all day long across the western hillside aflame with blazing autumn leaves.

Bayard Taylor, the Pennsylvania poet, visiting Cornell as a non-resident lecturer, on his return from Europe, assured us that the natural beauty of our campus excelled any that he had seen abroad.

Bryn Mawr, then recently founded, and Princeton, have led towards a future with the charm of unity, of harmony and dignity in university architecture, though the natural gifts of their sites were in no way comparable to the loveliness of Ithaca's eastern hill with its gorges and streams, its northward lake, and its ever moving picture of clouds above the curves of the western and southern hill. It was a marvellous appeal through every hour of every day that greeted those early students.

Happy indeed were we that our student life ended before the days of hugeness, of mass production of learning. Little did we foresee what the Philistines could achieve in a half century. Without previous general plan, without appeal to the imagination, every variety of modern academic architecture, except the Pittsburgh skyscraper, encumbers that once beautiful hilltop. And now there is a drive for a Gothic edifice! To see from the campus in broad sweep the western glory of the late afternoon that was the joy of our youth, students now must climb, like tourists, flights of stairs inside tall buildings, and gaze through windows or mount in aeroplanes.

Cornell under the Morrill Act was among the early land grant universities. It was created by the generous response of Congress to Ezra Cornell's noble offer to carry the early costs, thus saving New York's allotment of forest land from loss such as state universities had suffered where no benefactor made possible the holding of a forest gift while its value appreciated.

A foremost plan of Mr. Cornell, who had been a wage-earner in early boyhood and longed to use his wealth to make learning accessible to other youth, was to attract young laborers who could work their way through college. We all knew this and revered his memory.

The vast development of schools of agriculture, engineering, law, medicine and science, the superb library, and the excellent position of the department of household science—these embodiments of his ideal must have rejoiced the heart of Ezra Cornell could he have lived to see them. Though boys and girls of limited means find putting themselves through by hard labor no more feasible at Cornell than elsewhere, the generous gifts in scholarships of the state and the cities of New York, go far to fulfil Mr. Cornell's aspiration for opportunity for all.

THOSE were spacious days at Cornell. We were utterly unconscious of the freedom of body, mind and estate of faculty and students that prevailed throughout the young university. We were as unaware of that freedom as of the presence of the surrounding atmosphere, it was so absolutely taken for granted.

It was in 1876 that President White published his Warfare of Science, a prelude to his copious work, History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom, published in 1906.

Goldwin Smith who was, after many years as Regius Professor of history at Oxford, considering coming to America, had been brought to Cornell as a regular lecturer from 1869 to 1871, and came thereafter at intervals from

Margaret Hicks in 1879

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Canada, for courses of lectures from the point of view of English Liberalism. There were frequent campus references to his statement that he was "used to a university with roots in the past, but Cornell's roots in the future appeared prodigious." In his reminiscences published more than thirty years later he comments upon the fact that Ithaca, even after it became a rapidly growing little city, needed for years only a single elderly constable, so thoroughly self-governing and law-abiding were the students.

Compulsory chapel was as far from our horizon as compulsory military drill. Students who elected drill received it in the men's gymnasium. Co-education being then largely experimental (established so far as I know, only at Oberlin, Antioch, Swarthmore and Earlham, and at the few then existing state universities) acted selectively upon women candidates for admission to Cornell. We were a serious, self-conscious body of pioneers, in no need of student government or any other.

About seventy girls were lodged in Sage College, the first dormitory, generously designed for a far larger number. But no one was required to live in the dormitory. Such a requirement would, in those days of liberty and equality, have met vigorous protest. Rather the authorities encouraged us to share our half-empty dining room with men students, whom we were free to invite, six men and six girls to each table. An invitation was for the student's college course, and the company varied, as seniors went out and freshmen came in. Of this company were M. Carey Thomas, Ruth Putnam, a daughter of the founder of the Putnam publishing house and author of a biography of William the Silent; Charles W. Ames, afterwards head of a St. Paul law publishing company; Karl Volkmann, head of the Volkmann School; Archer Randolph; Margaret Hicks, to whom there will be future references; James A. Haight, an active member of the Seattle Port Authority; and Harriet May Mills, long a leading suffragist, now a member of the New York State Hospital Commission.

From this companionship developed marriages and life-long friendships. A generation later there were at Harvard a son of Charles W. Ames, a son of Karl Volkmann, a son of Archer Randolph, and two of my own. Several friendships have been cherished throughout life and continue in the next generation; and the prospect is that, beginning next fall, the first of the grandchildren may enter college a leader of the third generation of that group.

Two members of that cheerful table company, Archer Randolph and Margaret Hicks, died sadly early.

THERE were no extra-curricular activities for girls, no athletics, not even basketball. Our Sage College gymnasium bare of equipment stood permanently empty except for a piano daily used by our table company for dancing after dinner and supper, and this was a symbol. Here and there upon the horizon some lone woman physician stood ready for patients; Dr. Hannah Longshore had been our family doctor from my childhood. But the epoch of outdoor life even for a generation enterprising enough to break down barriers against indoor study had not yet dawned. The health movement for women students began with the appointment of physicians in girls' colleges and physical examinations for entrants, with records of weights and measurements. The concept of health for all and play for all was not yet implanted in the American mind. Universities were for minds, not bodies; they had been throughout the ages the domain of men. Woman's ancient concern for nurture, growth, and the storing up of vigor was still limited to the home. The nursing profession as entitled to rank with medicine in the structure of universities was beyond the range of dreams. No estimate can ever be made of the precious lives of gifted youth that perished during hundreds of years of control by men alone.

M. Carey Thomas about 1877-79

Cornell men students had already a name for intercollegiate races, and David Starr Jordan was then better known as the coach of the successful Cornell crew than as an exponent of the theory of evolution, a leader for peace and and authority on the anatomy of fishes.

After the westward pilgrimage when, at twelve years old, I learned on the plains of Wyoming to ride a thoroughly well-broken mustang, I had never been without a saddle horse. I now possessed a broad, low, uncovered vehicle known as a phaeton, which we used all day long on Saturdays, a group of friends, men and girls, after early breakfast tramping five or six miles to a cider mill, or a gorge and waterfall, carrying in the phaeton lunch for all. Two or three rode together a mile or two, to a country road, then tied the horse to a fence and walked forward, the next comers taking their turn, until the last laggards arrived at the common meeting-ground. It was characteristic of the region that neither luncheon nor vehicle was ever interfered with. There were no lectures or recitations on Saturday, and nothing was farther from our minds than squandering a radiant autumn holiday in collateral reading.

After a gay and delightful (*Continued on page* 600)

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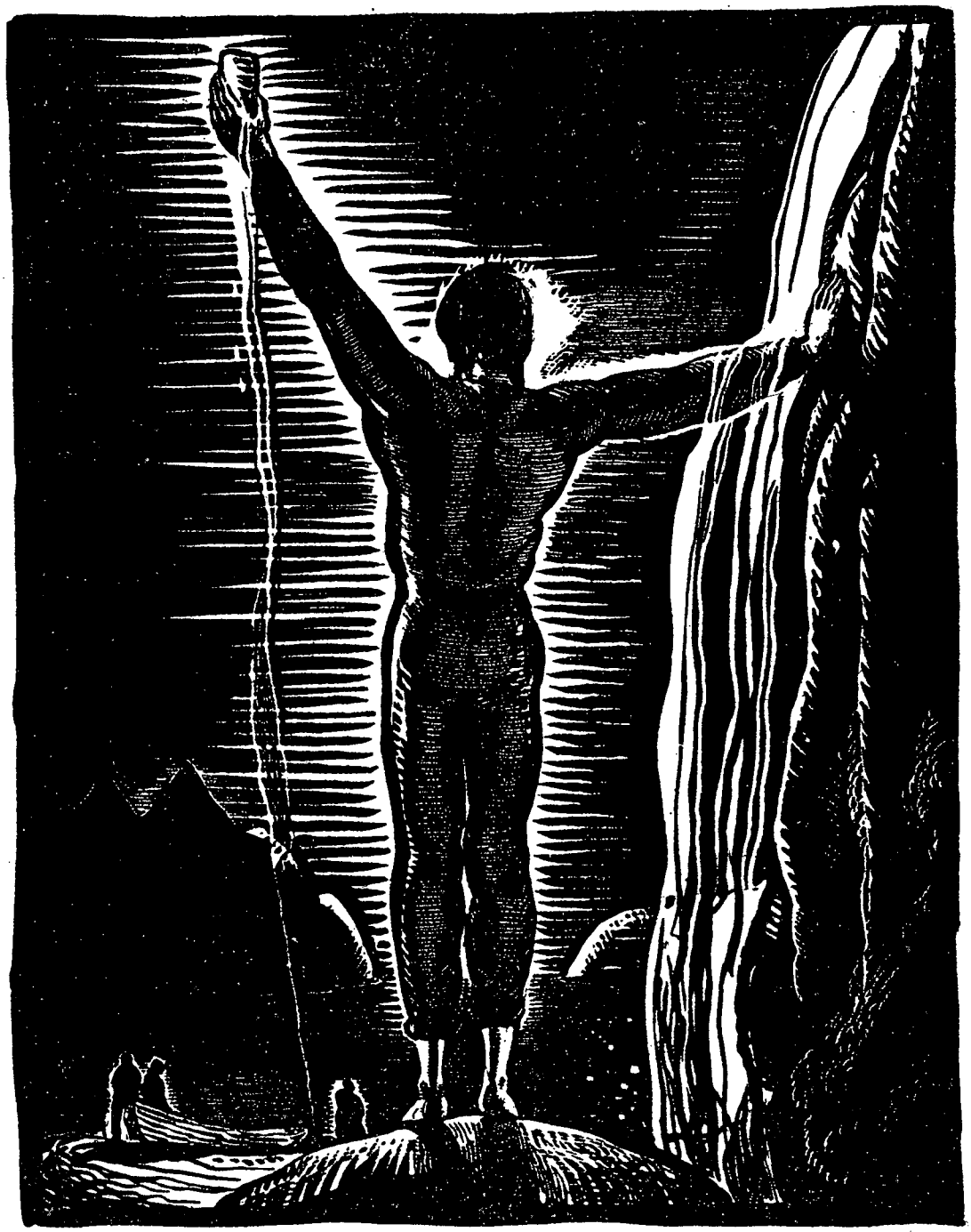

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WATER

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Shall the State of New York Go into the Water Power Business?

By OGDEN L. MILLS

I AM in complete accord with Governor Smith's statement that water power development is not a political but a business question. Power policies, then, should be discussed with the thoroughness and accuracy that characterize sound business statements rather than outlined in the glittering generalities common to doubtful prospectuses. They should be based on adequate study and supported by facts and figures. These qualities and elements are lacking in this and the Governor's other statements on water power. He sketches but a bare and faint outline of what he would have the state do, while the irrelevant matter which he injects into the discussion and the many inaccuracies to be found in his speech tend to confuse a problem that is peculiarly in need of clear thinking, based on reliable data.

What good purpose, for instance, can be served by comparing a 999-year railroad charter with a 50-year lease in which the state specifically reserves the right to recapture during the leasehold?

Again, referring to the Bear Mountain Bridge, the Governor said: "Look at the Bear Mountain Bridge. There you have an obligation for all time to come of 8 per cent upon preferred stock."

What are the facts? The law granting the privilege of construction provides that the state may take over the bridge at fixed prices, at the end of every five-year period; until, at the end of thirty years, it reverts to the state without any payment whatsoever. This is something very different from the enjoyment "for all time to come of 8 per cent upon preferred stock."

Even when he reports as to the state's own water power activities, Mr. Smith's statement would hardly satisfy the standard demanded by Professor Ripley of corporate officers in reporting to their stockholders. Referring to the state's two water powers at Vischer's Ferry and Crescent Dam, the Governor said: "And we are getting enough money from it to run the plant and give us 10 per cent return on what we pay for the machinery." That is a somewhat disingenuous statement. The Governor only mentions machinery. If the costs of the dams are included in the total cost, instead of showing a 10 per cent profit both of these enterprises today would be showing a loss. The Governor modestly added, "We aren't such bad business men." Maybe not, but I should not care to be a stockholder in a corporation whose president reported a 10 per cent profit by the simple expedient of taking into consideration only part of the investment, when, had he included the whole, he would have had to report an actual loss.

When he finally defines his program, the Governor is vagueness itself. All we are told is that the Legislature is to create a Water Power Authority, and to authorize it to prepare a plan for the development of our water powers. The Power Authority is to sell securities to the public, and with the proceeds build dams and generating stations, operate them and sell the power to private companies for distribution. The State itself is to assume no financial responsibility. That is literally all the Governor has ever told the public about his plans. For all we know, it has never been developed beyond this embryonic stage.

If all the Governor desires is the appointment of a commission to ascertain the feasibility and desirability of such a program as a means of settling the existing deadlock resulting from the controversy between the advocates of public and private operation, I can see no serious objection to his suggestion, though, personally, I see no necessity for creating a commission to bring out facts already known to those who have taken the trouble to study the problem.

If, however, the Governor desires to grant full power to this commission at the outset, and though reserving to the Legislature the right to approve of the plans when perfected, intends, by virtue of the appointment of this commission, to commit the state in principle to the program which he has described, then there is certainly need of a great deal more information before the Legislature can fairly be asked to take action. Its proponents should show definitely:

1. That the Power Authority can build and operate power plants as cheaply or more cheaply than private enterprise. This involves three factors: a, construction; b, finance; c, operation.

2. That the benefits to the consumer will be sufficiently great to justify the abandonment of private initiative and enterprise in favor of government operation.

3. That the plan will safeguard the business interests of the state and protect the public from exploitation.

4. That the system of leases under the Federal Power Act

The Case for Private Ownership

In Survey Graphic for January, Governor Smith put forward his plan for a Power Authority, an instrumentality of government by which he would have the State of New York build and operate power plants and sell power to private distributing companies, financing itself by selling bonds in the market. Here Congressman Mills puts forward the contrary case, for private ownership and operation. Some two and one-half million horsepower is latent in the St. Lawrence, the Niagara and other up-state rivers.

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and the state power law are inadequate to protect the public interests.

Pending the furnishing of this data, there are some observations which can be made under these four heads:

1. (a) The Power Authority is to be a state agency. Its operating directors will be the appointees of the governor, and it is perfectly idle to hope that politics will not play some part in their appointment. While the Power Authority may be distinguished legally from the state itself, except as to the use of the state's credit, the plan is indistinguishable from state construction and operation. Now the fact is, governments do not build as cheaply as does private enterprise. One very eminent engineer has estimated that it would cost the government twice as much to develop these power sites as it would private capital. This may be an exaggeration, but it is perfectly certain that it would cost more. In government contracts favoritism, patronage and politics levy their inevitable toll. If anyone has any doubt as to politicians' inability to plan and carry through vast business enterprises, let him consider the hideous mess our politicians have made of the New York city transit problem.

(b) What is true of planning and construction is equally true of operation. Our governments are not devised to carry on business enterprises. Our public officials are usually so thoroughly educated in the arts of politics that they have neglected business and technical training. Space forbids the citing of examples of the costliness of government operation both here and abroad, but they can be very readily unearthed by anyone sufficiently interested to learn the facts.

(c) But it is urged that the Power Authority, by the use of the tax-exempt privilege, could sell its securities at a lower rate of interest than a private corporation. The securities to be issued are not backed by the credit of the state. They are to be secured only by the revenue to be derived from operation. They are not even mortgage bonds. They are nothing but income debenture bonds, and they are to be issued to the full cost of development. The Governor refers to the fact that the New York Port Authority was able to sell its bonds on a 4¼ per cent basis. Leaving aside the fact that at about the same time the Standard Oil Company of New York sold twenty-five year bonds on a 4.65 basis, showing that the tax-exempt privilege has been somewhat over-estimated, the Power Authority income debentures will be very different from the Port Authority debentures. The states of New Jersey and New York provided 22 per cent in cash of the cost of the New Jersey-Staten Island bridges and 20 per cent in cash of the estimated cost of the Hudson river bridge. This means that there is at least a 20 per cent equity back of the Port Authority debentures. There would be no such equity back of those of the Power Authority. Governor Smith originally stated that under no circumstances would the state be called upon to make an investment. In his most recent statement, he talks vaguely about the state's making some little start upon the development. But as Owen Young said two days later:

> At one point in his speech, he suggested that the state itself put in a little money if it were needed and the taxpayers would not know the difference. At that point I am in complete disagreement with him as a matter of principle.
>
> The moment the state begins to contribute money from the public treasury the economic check on the enterprise is lost. Such contributions always begin by being little ones. They always end by being big ones under the excuse of saving what is already in. If the enterprise is not sound enough to be financed with private capital—if it cannot stand on its own economic legs—then is the time for government money to be kept out.

2. But, even if the debentures can be sold, with a saving of half of one per cent in interest charges, the possible reduction in rates will be infinitesimal. In the New York State water power district, if the interest and dividend charges on the capital engaged in production were reduced one-half of one per cent, the average cost to the consumer would be 1.25 per cent less. What do these figures mean? The average price paid by the domestic consumer for electrical energy in the city of Utica, for instance, is, I am told, 6⅔ cents. If the Power Authority obtains this capital not at one-half of one per cent lower rate of interest, but even at a full one per cent lower rate, the domestic consumer in Utica would pay 6½ cents per k.w. hour instead of 6⅔ cents, a saving of one-sixth of a cent. As a matter of fact, if we were able to eliminate entirely the cost of generating electricity, the average domestic consumer in this state would save about 10 cents a month. In other words, the real cost to the consumer arises not in the generation of the power but in its distribution. Moreover, these figures, of course, do not take into consideration the loss in taxes. The entire investment in the electrical power business in the state of New York was estimated at approximately $800,000,000 in 1924. The savings of one-half of 1 per cent in interest charges on the entire investment would amount to $4,000,000 a year, whereas the taxes paid that year by these utilities, exclusive of the income tax paid by the holders of their securities, were nearly $17,000,000. There wouldn't be much of an ultimate saving here were the Governor's principle of public development applied.

3. One of the main arguments advanced by the Governor's school of thought against private operation is that it means exploitation of the public. But it would be difficult to devise a plan better suited to this end than the one proposed by the Governor. The public are asked to build the generating plant, which represents approximately one-half of the total cost of generation and distribution and all the risk. This last in the case of the St. Lawrence is no negligible item. That project requires a dam 1,930 feet long and 130 feet high, built against a flow of water more than five times the amount ever conquered in such work, that carries with it in the spring great ice fields sweeping along at a rate of more than 10,000 tons a minute. Construction camps almost as large as cities must be built, and special railroads to carry construction materials. The risks incident to such a gigantic enterprise are only too obvious, and it is not too much to say that they will be greatly magnified under political management. Under the Governor's plan, the state assumes the entire risk, with a maximum possible benefit to the ultimate consumer of a sixth of a cent. But this is not the whole story. Assuming that all difficulties are overcome, and that the power generating plants are completed, what then? A power plant standing alone, with no means of distributing its energy, is as useless as a telephone transmitter without wires or a water reservoir without pipes. The State Power Authority would be completely at the mercy of the distributing companies. It will be urged, of course, that they would not build until satisfactory contracts had been made with those companies. That is probably true, but what would happen (*Continued on page* 603)

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"I Would Rather Die Than Go Home"

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

ALL those whose business it is to listen to the troubles of children are surprised to observe how few of them hold grudges. It is not merely that the child commonly feels no ill will toward the parent who has injured him, the injury seems to have left no trace. It has faded out of mind before the bruise is healed. For this reason it is extraordinarily difficult to give children of unkind parents any adequate legal protection. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred, the child witness in a case of parental cruelty before the Juvenile Court insists on going home. The incurable loyalty of children to unworthy adults is often the despair of the social worker.

An eleven-year-old boy whose father was a garbage collector was made to work daily from 4 until 8 A. M. and from 7 until 10 P. M. He was beaten and underfed. When reported by the school department the court found him twenty pounds underweight, heavily marked with cuts from a leather strap and in need of medical care. He was placed in a foster home. The father got a lawyer and appealed the case. The proceedings took about twelve weeks. So swift is the restorative process in the body and mind of a young child that when the boy came again before the court he was no longer useful as evidence. He had regained his lost weight. He was smiling and happy. He wished to go home. Those who imagine that human emotion works logically would have predicted that here, if anywhere, was a case when a child would say, "I would rather die than go home." He had nothing against his foster home. But it was evident that his own home gave him something that the mere kindness and plenty of the foster home could not furnish, and that all the social workers in the world would fail to supply. Like a devotee to some exacting religion after a brief enforced rest returning gladly to his duties as soon as his wasted body is repaired, so the child thanked his benefactors courteously but was eager to depart. Freedom from pain and hunger were not to be weighed against other more urgent needs. "I was licked only when I needed it," is the usual answer in court cases against cruel parents.

Antagonism of a child to a parent is founded on nothing so tangible as physical injury.

THE mother cat is a good mother. For several weeks all the time not given to licking her fur, eating and staring, goes to the kitten with intense satisfaction to both. Then comes a day when the maternal paw strikes out in earnest, and the lubberly, over-grown kitten is given to understand that this cuff is no interchange of pleasantries. If he does not take himself off there are menacing growls and mutterings. His nursing days are over. No cat ever had a mother-complex. But this beneficent arrangement whereby among animals when the young no longer *need* mothering the mother ceases to mother, cannot be called in any human sense antagonism as we find it between parent and child. With animals the relationship has ceased to exist. There is no compromise, and no aftermath of yearning for its re-establishment.

Because of the social nature of the family, its necessarily anxious concern with education, manners and morals, we shall always find some degree of antagonism between parents and children. It is not infrequent and may be considered normal. Antagonism easily flows out of a close relation where so much is at stake, a relationship based not on choice, but necessity. The antagonism which a child experiences in his struggle for emancipation may serve as spur to a wholesome independence. As all great religions have been begun in heresy, so the entry of the individual into new crafts, professions, new modes of thought and action must often begin in a feeling of bitterness between child and adult.

The antagonism with which we are concerned here is something deeper, more baffling and more sinister. It lies at the root of what we may call insoluble family problems. We may glimpse it in court in such acts as continued running away, persistent refusal to return home, marked defiance, but especially in expressions of coldness and dislike, not only in actions and words, but in mute evidence from the body itself, when in the presence of the parent the child shrinks from a caress, shows pallor, or change of color, muscular tensions, a changed voice and posture. Some of these cases of antagonism have been studied individually.[1]

THE first impression we receive is that the antagonism is based on what we might call nothing at all! Not the child shivering on the worst bed in the house, discriminated against, eating what is left, getting blows, reprimands, and injuries is the one most likely to fall victim to the insidious disease of antagonism; on the contrary we find it more frequently among children who seem well off from the skin out and who are hard put to find any tangible ills to complain of.

A social worker is mystified when a girl who seems to have a good home, and has taken her chances for a week or so among the average unlovable set of human beings found in the average detention home declares that she prefers it, or the state school, in fact anything which may befall her rather than a return to the parental roof. The social worker's first reaction is to blame the home. "Something is wrong, we will wait and see." Since most children prefer bad homes to good institutions or "private families," there must be something extraordinarily the matter with a home "I would rather die than go to." So there is, but it is nothing the social worker can discover by an ordinary social investigation. The social worker then turns to foster-parents. They receive the girl with expectant sympathy but usually soon return her to the

[1] Dorothy Crowley Frost is conducting research into the antagonistic child-parent relationship. She has made case studies of some fifty girls from the Los Angeles Juvenile Court. Some of the illustrations for this article have been supplied by Mrs. Frost.

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court. "She is impossible." Then the social worker says:

"I supposed Nellie's mother was hard and unfeeling and unjust, but I guess she knows her child better than I do." The court faces a blank wall. The girl will not live at home, if she is forced to return she runs away. Often she cannot get along in any other home; she is too young to work, and it appears unjust "to commit" her, for "she has not done anything." Her growth as a human being requires the family relationship, yet when this food is put in her mouth it does not nourish her.

EMMA is an attractive high school girl of 17. She is vigorous and athletic, has a musical voice and sings in her church choir. Her father died when she was seven, her mother married again after three years of struggle to make a living as a saleswoman. The mother is a quiet woman, self-effacing and rather vague in manner. She makes all of Emma's clothes and does all of her own housework. She complains that Emma does not help her, yet she gives her no responsibility and ridicules her awkward attempts. The stepfather is a maker of eyeglasses. He reads a great deal and has little to say around the house. Emma has a half-brother of eight who is happy and causes no trouble. Emma came before the court for running away from home. She had been out with a party of young friends and had overstayed her leave. When she returned at two in the morning both her parents were sitting up. Emma's face was flushed and her wind-blown bob disarranged. Her mother said nothing, but her stepfather, contrary to his habit said a great deal. He ended with:

"This is final. I will not have a street-walker in my house."

IN court Emma refused to go home. It was proved to the satisfaction of everyone that the girl was not "delinquent." The stepfather invited her back, but Emma was cold and deaf and blind to his request. The mother was asked how she felt. "Emma may come home, of course, if she likes." Her hand went out in a tentative gesture toward the girl, and Emma drew back sharply, her whole body became stiff and unyielding. It was obvious that Emma bore no ill will toward her stepfather. She was merely indifferent toward him, but toward her mother she showed an antagonism that went to the roots of her being although it had never before been expressed in words. It was not merely that her mother had failed to defend her against an unjust accusation. Emma appeared to resent most her mother's silent self-effacement in the presence of her mate. "She never listens to what I say. She won't even argue. She has her own opinion, and it's always what *he* thinks. With my little brother it is the same. She won't say he can't do anything; she waits until my father comes home; then he just looks at her, and she makes up her mind so that nothing us children say or feel or do has the slightest effect. It gets on my nerves. I would not go home again if I stayed in jail a year."

Doubtless there are other factors but one stands out more clearly than the rest: it is the mother's domination by an invisible government. She has been too self-effacing in her role as parent. The girl has come to believe that it makes no difference to her mother if the children are at home, or elsewhere. Response has somehow dried up. There is a tense solemnity in the atmosphere of the home, as if everything were settled years ago and young life there was an impertinent sacrilege. Emma is almost old enough to start life independently, but she has had no training in social intercourse. She is without faith in adults. Nothing seems worthwhile to her. She rarely expresses herself and seems skeptical of the words and deeds of others. She is healthy and intelligent and her personality contains many assets but she cannot put them to cooperative uses. For so many years she has borne a futile grudge that recovery will be difficult without expert assistance.

Many would say that Emma had an ordinary case of jealousy against her stepfather. It is more complex. Jealousy in the presence of step-parents is common but it is easily dispelled by affection and interest. Occasionally a mother will enlist the sympathy of a child by her exuberant love of the new mate.

A LITTLE girl who had been removed from the custody of her mother and went away willingly because she realized that her mother was an unfit guardian wrote her father during vacation:

"I have just had a long letter from mother. Isn't it too bad her husband died?"

Prolonged antagonism causes serious damage to the personality of a child. It creates an under-drift that cannot be turned aside by a change of environment or placement in a "normal family" with certified standards as to food, beds, air-space, cleanliness, discipline, a marriage license and a permit to keep children.

GAIL'S is the type of personality of whom it is said, "She cannot be reached." She is 14 years old but she looks two years older. When she came to the court because of "incorrigibility" she was sent at once to a girls' school. She is tall and strong but has a stooped posture. She plays ball well, but she could not make the team because she is always bickering over trifles. In any group she remains on the fringe. She does not seem to react like anyone else. Once when she won the high-jump and her name was mentioned in student body meeting she turned pale, her eyes filled with tears, she seemed not so much embarrassed, as irritated. Another time she had designed a poster for a play. It was a strikingly beautiful thing with an unique use of planes and color. When a visitor spoke of it, Gail was made to get up and show herself. Long after the attention of everyone had flown on to something else Gail sat in her corner on the floor her chin dropped on her chest, her body pasted flat against the wall like some primitive bas-relief meant to express utter failure, fatigue, and self-pity.

At first sight her appearance attracted the interest of adults; her black eyes, with dark circles underneath, her tom-boy swagger, appealing, intelligent face made them long to help her. The gym teacher insisted that Gail be made captain of the Girl Reserves so that she could "develop responsibility." In the tennis tournament Gail claimed the best racquet and used it all the time. She was harsh and arbitrary in her dealings with the girls, unfair in her decisions, argumentative, dictatorial, affected in manner, supercilious, selfish, and exceptionally skilled in making cruel remarks, often bored, always indifferent, "only happy when someone else was in tears."

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AS her teachers came to know her better they disliked her, they could not help it, she aroused a vague antagonism spontaneously. Even her clothes were irritating, those strange tight, sleeveless little "child-gimpes," sewed onto full long skirts. To be sure her mother had outfitted her with these infantile garments, but there was the sewing room in which girls who cared could correct parental mistakes in clothes. They began to say of Gail: "She gives the appearance of a bright intelligent girl, but the better you get acquainted with her the more you question her intelligence. What makes her look so blank? Her eyes have a film over them sometimes. She is sleepy. You cannot wake her up in the morning. She pays no attention in school. She does not respond to the efforts of those wishing to help her. Though not easily detected in falsehood, she gives the impression of lying and insincerity. She is uncommunicative and evasive, does not seem particularly interested in anything, an extremely difficult child to talk with, everything has to be pumped out. She is so sullen and discontented." This feeling on the part of the teachers was the reason why Gail "got nothing out of school." The psychologist gave her an intelligence rating of superior normal, but she made no academic progress. Her music teacher refused to give her lessons because she was so insolent.

For some time the teachers had noticed that Gail was "queer" about love. She had an antipathy to being touched. She did not seem capable of feeling affection; she objected to caresses; her attitude toward them was the same as if they had been blows. She was "crazy about animals," and lavish in hugs, kisses, pats, chokings and shakings of puppies, but she took no care to feed, water, or bed them. There was something in her attitude that saddened true animal lovers, she seemed so indifferent to their feelings, so filled with a sense of greedy possession, so incapable of the joy of observation.

It was also remarked that Gail had, as it were, a tiny, hidden hair-trigger spring, or button which if touched, or innocently brushed against would cause an explosion. She could not bear the least criticism. The mildest show of authority filled her with some strange reaction as if she had been poisoned by a deadly chemical. Her teachers began to be a little afraid of her. They said, "She is incapable of remorse. She has no sense of right and wrong. She simply cannot see why anyone has a right to prohibit her from doing whatever she chooses."

ONE teacher was baffled: "She seemed to sort of like me. Then one afternoon she was sitting doing nothing and I asked her a question, just a remark. At first she seemed confused, as if she did not know what she wanted, then she got terribly angry as if she were going to strike me."

Gail had been one of the children who said in court, "I would rather die than go home."

The home was a neat one with trim box hedges and rows of flowers. Her father had been an engineer, but, as his wife's lawyer said, "he had given up a good job and become a day laborer to avoid the payment of alimony. He hated his wife that much." At the time of the divorce Gail was four and her father was already an old man. She was "given" to her young mother who had shown almost no interest or affection for her daughter until the lavish display in court which made even her witnesses say: "She is claiming the child to spite Joe." Gail slipped in and out of boarding homes until she was eight. Then her mother dropped out of sight.

Gail today speaks of this illusive parent as if she were the embodiment of all that is gracious, tender, and exquisite to look upon. She carries a picture of her mother about with her but there is nothing in that picture which would identify it with the gorgeous image that Gail has created.

ON her desertion by her mother, Gail was sent to live with her father and stepmother. The stepmother was born in England. She was a small, very thin, worn-looking woman with a scant, stringy bob. She was about 49 when Gail came to live with her. Her whole body was tense and expressive of strains. She was over-anxious about her housework and her duties in regard to Gail. She was zealous about unimportant details. Someone described her desire for affection as pathetic. Her caresses were awkward and repressed.

Gail started to school. In her own mother's company she had lived happily, she had no idea why the court "took her away." It was true her mother came to see her rarely, but when she did, and especially on those scarlet occasions when she visited her mother's flat, she had a good time. There was noise, plenty to eat and drink, and lots of daddies. Gail recounted these jolly adventures to the English stepmother and to her school friends. At ten she was expelled. They tried another neighborhood. From the age of eleven Gail was regarded as incorrigible. She was "moody, quarrelsome, impudent, disobedient, negative, lazy, dirty, spiteful, and stupid." Her father and stepmother, however, treated her kindly, watched her closely, denied themselves necessities to pay for her music lessons. They were strict, but never impatient. When Gail was brought to court for running away it was shocking to see her cold dislike, her positive, matured, unchildlike resolve to escape from these gentle, bewildered parents. It was as if some stream long shut up had suddenly spilled over the dam. It was quiet but invincible. She said they were too old, she could not bear to have them handle her. She would rather sleep in the hen house than with her stepmother. She simply *hated* them both. That was at the age of thirteen.

FOURTEEN months later the court faced the same stony barrier. Gail *hated* her teachers, those kindly folk in the school who had approached her problems with knowledge and skill.

She was then placed in an excellent private family where she is today. Her verbal behavior has "improved," she will say of the seven-year-old son, "I hate him . . . no I don't, I just don't like him." But this is merely a concession to public opinion. In reality Gail does not feel differently. In telling of domestic life in her new home she said the man and wife quarreled, drank, fought, and threw corn cobs at the dinner table. This was not so much a lie as a hopeful wish, for if Mr. and Mrs. S. really enlivened their home in such a manner Gail knew social workers well enough to know she would not long be left there.

There was only one place where she made no complaint. When she was in the detention home she was contented. She liked it for the same reason soldiers sometimes like the army: she knew what was expected, there were no decisions, and there were periods off duty—in non-institutional, or civilian life, so to speak, people were always interrupting. If you looked out the window, they said "What are you

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looking at?" If you were silent they said, "What are you mad about now?"

IN the detention home Gail's chief occupation was day-dreaming. The trouble "on the outside" was that the dream world was continually being spoiled by intruders. She was like an artist who is trying to paint a picture and is annoyed and harrassed by interruptions. It may have been a little unfair to Gail but the map of her dream-country was pilfered from her when she was off guard. A social worker, skilled in such occupation obtained it from snatches of talk, diaries, letters, reveries, and a story Gail wrote about another "little girl whose mother was allowed to bring her up as she pleased."

The phantasy which came to light by these means was built around a mother, extremely beautiful, rich, easy in manner, and loving. Her father was also beautiful and loving, a dark slim Spanish beauty; he was always being raided by the police for loose conduct and was successful in outwitting and outriding them. In this home there were shy, stolen kisses from fascinating parents, life under high pressure, excitement, parties, deeds of adventure, exquisite clothes in strong colors, carelessness, generosity, and speed.

Nothing could have been more remote from this phantasy than the humdrum world Gail was supposed to live in. Her own parents were sordid, neglectful and selfish; her stepmother aged, unattractive, strict, exacting, unpleasant to caress, lacking in imagination, geared too slow for any flights, timid, and unsophisticated.

ALL children live in day dreams. We win them forth by interest in the objective world. Sometimes this interest seems to grow in the child spontaneously; sometimes it must be reinforced by the skillful manipulation of objects to make them attractive. When the dream world touches the real world at some points one enriches the other, but in Gail's case they were so utterly opposed that one world would have to be annihilated before she could live in peace. The phantasy was appealing and the actuality had little to recommend it. Her aged father and stepmother did not seek to interest her in other children, books, pets, games, or household responsibilities. The objective facts of her world were too unwieldy and too utilitarian. The contrast between them and her dream was so great that it made her hate her parents, and all those who stood in lieu of parents, teachers, friends, foster-parents, and social workers.

Antagonism in its most blasting form takes its root in phantasy. We recognize this when we say that a fancied slight rankles more deeply than an injury. The lonely child, separated by misfortune from his parents, placed in an atmosphere which is uncongenial emotionally, becomes hurt. He repairs the damage by creating a dream. If skillful parents, grandparents, or foster parents can give the necessary time and personal attention to satisfy the child's love wants and to gradually turn his attention to the delights of the outside world of facts, objects and personalities, antagonism does not arise, even if the child has been deprived of those dearest to him.

ANTAGONISM in the child develops partly as a feeling of irritation at being interrupted while repairing an unsatisfactory world. The child is further hampered in finding an outlet by being an inferior, always supposed to be on duty. Instead of the relief a man may get in a fiery outburst if some nagging woman breaks in on his work, the child accumulates a slow stream of rancor, suspicion, and ill will. Antagonism is a growth that matures slowly underground. When some children say, "We would rather die than go home," they mean, "We would rather live in our phantasy country, seated on a dungeon floor, than go home where you people not only are not loveable, but keep interrupting and pretending to understand our thoughts when you do not."

As in preventive medicine we have long known that little neglected bodily ills predispose the body to disease, so in the field of mental health we are learning that petty discords cannot safely be allowed to accumulate. Many parents pride themselves on a happy home life because there is no open catastrophe. Let the circumstances change ever so little and the peace and security of the home is swept away. A mother was applying for state aid in behalf of herself and a fourteen-year-old daughter. The mother and father were divorced. He had been paying for the support of the child until stricken with tuberculosis. When the girl came before the court she flatly refused to go home. The mother appeared greatly relieved. "That suits me. Now I can go out and work. There is never any peace for me as long as Elsie is at home." Elsie admitted she was trying and impudent. She admitted bad language. "Why do you talk to your mother this way?"

"Well, anybody would—I can't be insulted. She once called me a huzzy." Elsie was a robust girl with yellow curls hanging around her shoulders. She was eager to go to her new "boarding home." "Just ask my mother one thing," she pleaded with the court, "ask her to let me cut my hair." The mother said she would never consent. The girl began to cry. "She wants to put me into the movies, she thinks I am some Mary Pickford—but I'd crack the camera." The mother flushed. "You may do what you please with this girl. It is true I would like to see her in the movies, and I have taken pride in her appearance, but she is no daughter of mine." That afternoon the probation officer took the girl out for a hair-cut, and she returned radiant with a "sweetheart bob." It may sadden some mothers to know that she is amply contented in her new home. It is not so much the hair. The mother had married late in life. She had become an "old maid" before her child was born. Petty discords over hair, clothing, table manners, and other trifles had dissolved the bonds between mother and daughter before the court consented to the separation.

ANTAGONISM does not usually exist in homes where father, mother, and two or three children live and work together. It flourishes in broken homes, among children of divorced parents, children who have been adopted, and is frequently found in an only child of aged parents. Fussiness and anxiety on the part of the mother are predisposing causes. Emotional tensions which block the flow of affection and make the mother uncomfortable lessen her value as a giver of comfort. "Comfortable" mothers do not have antagonistic children.

Outside interference is another source of danger. After the death of a husband a woman turns easily to a brother, uncle, guardian, or adult male friend for advice. Children resent this even when the relationship is no closer than that of friendly counsellor. When the mother of a girl of seventeen consulted an elderly friend about her oil investments,

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the girl pleaded with her mother to put him out of the house. He continued to come and took a lively interest in all the concerns of the household. The girl eloped with a man who had not received his final decree of divorce. The mother filed a petition to bring the girl to the attention of the court and insisted that she be sent to the state school until twenty-one. Mother and daughter plunged into civil warfare. The mother sold the girl's clothes and the diamond ring her lover had given her. The daughter instituted suit to have her mother removed as guardian of the estate. She was successful. A house servant was employed as a detective by the mother to watch the girl. The break was complete. In this case the girl was sufficiently mature to start life on her own account. Her antagonism did not extend to other individuals or groups.

CLARICE is sixteen. She is bitterly antagonistic to both parents and refuses to live with either of them. She is a tight-lipped, self-contained young person. For a time it seemed that she would succumb to a "crush" on a woman neighbor to whom she went for comfort and for gossip on the shortcomings of her parents. But this infatuation passed harmlessly and Clarice is earning her living as a school girl in a private family. She is hard working, conscientious, one has nothing to complain of in her unless it be an invincible self-righteousness. She is an only child. Only children suffer not only from too much adult attention but from too much leisure to devote to their own emotional difficulties. Clarice's parents differed over religion. The father was a member of a "recognized" church; the mother became devoted to a new sect. They argued incessantly. Clarice became for both the never-dying conscience. She weighed them and came to the conclusion they were wrong. Unconsciously they had permitted and encouraged their daughter to assume the role of judge and arbiter. Her childhood ended abruptly. Parental differences in religion may be devastating to a child if they become the main theme of family life.

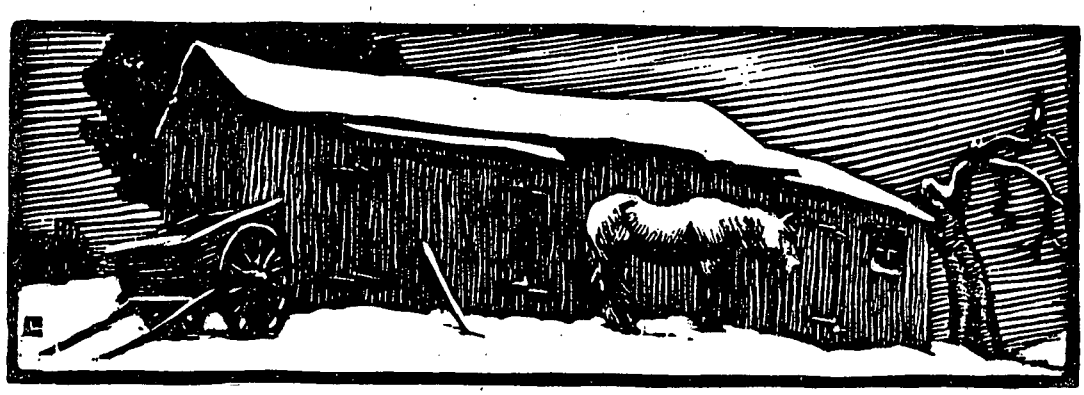
JANE is a rebel against all authority. She comes from a long line of military ancestors. Her mother died when Jane was eight and she was raised by an indulgent maternal grandmother. Jane is vivacious and pretty. Her grandmother returned her to her father when she reached her 'teens. She was too much of a problem. She flirted with undesirable young men, sailors, park-loungers, and taxi drivers. She did not care for correct society. Her father had remarried a hard-working young school teacher and had four children. This home was unbearable to Jane. She ran away and became seriously delinquent. Her father gave her a hard whipping. From that time on Jane became a dangerous character. She is saturated with hate. She has a bad effect on any group in which she is placed. She corrupts younger children, takes the joy out of life when she is with girls of her own age, bears tales between adults, spreads gloom and disloyalty wherever she goes. She has no close friends. Her influence is peculiarly sinister in that she disrupts any social group. Even strong minded individuals appear to lose energy and begin to question the worth-whileness of their efforts when Jane is around. Jane is very unhappy but she derives some satisfaction from observing this destructive influence at work. After some catastrophe she appears flushed with excitement and more self-confident.

The elements in her situation appear to be as follows:

An ever-present, much talked of family tradition of military prestige and honor. This tradition stressed deeds of gallantry among the male members of the family and charm among the women. The only exception was the case of Jane's mother who died before she was thirty, and for some reason was disliked by her own mother, and considered childish, flighty, and unworthy by her husband. After her death she was never mentioned to Jane except occasionally by the earnest young stepmother who cautioned Jane "not to be like her mother."

The family status had decayed under modern conditions. Economic pressure, coupled with change of public opinion about military glory caused the family to live in the past and to judge the present harshly. When Jane reached adolescence the modern world offered her only the cheapest thrills and attractions. When she responded to them she became a disgrace and scandal, and there followed the use of violence by the father in correcting Jane and the infliction of humiliation. The inevitable result is the growth of a warped personality.

Of all the conditions favorable to the development of antagonism the infliction of humiliation ranks first. Ridicule, sarcasm, petty slights, the meeting of emotional warmth with coldness and misunderstanding, the tactless reprimand, appear trivial as weighed against the balance of a home life which may contain a well ordered household, earnest behavior codes, and the satisfaction of material wants. But the child, particularly the child deprived of the companionship of other children, nurses these humiliations in lonely hours, feeds them with dreams and reveries until they become large and absorbing grudges. If antagonism began and ended in the home, it would be a small problem, but it extends to all other forms of human intercourse and constitutes the most baffling of social problems—a warped personality, incapable of integration (at least in the present state of our knowledge) with any social group.



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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LENIN

This poster and others reproduced in the following article were brought home by Professor Davis from trips which span the Soviet, Kerensky and Tsarist regimes in Russia

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Ten Years

The Leaders Whose Personalities Span the Russian Revolution

By JEROME DAVIS

WE have reached a decade of the Russian Revolution. My mind reaches back over these years. In 1916 I watched Russia hurl against the Austrians her soldiers, who died like flies. In 1917 and 1918 I watched the break-up of that same army by a more dynamic power—the power of revolutionary ideas. In 1921 I went back to Russia in her darkest moment when, exhausted by the War, rent assunder by revolution culminating in a life-and-death struggle against the armies of the world, she found herself faced with famine. I witnessed the beginning of the famous retreat back from uncompromising communism towards a new policy which is slowly opening up Russian trade to the world. Last summer, 1926, I was again in Russia for two months. As the moving picture of the ten years of Russian history unfolds in retrospect, it is the leading actors who make the deepest impression; for me it is an adventure of personalities.

I was fortunate in having the background of life under the Tsar and in knowing General Kuropatkin who, with his chief of staff, General Sievers, perhaps represented the best that the old régime had to offer.

I HAD the rare privilege of organizing relief for German and Austrian prisoners of war, one hundred and sixty thousand strong, mowed down by epidemics in the prison camps of Turkestan. I soon discovered that the Russian soldiers were not much better off and I went to General Kuropatkin for permission to start Y.M.C.A. units for them. The general, a short stocky man, adorned with every medal the Tsar had to give, seemed afraid of any work for soldiers which smacked of education. Finally he agreed to a demonstration in one regiment provided all committees were appointed by the colonel and all reading matter was kept from the soldiers. "I do not want them to think—they are here to fight."

From our conversation and later experience I learned that he was an intense patriot, by which he meant loyalty to Tsar and country, including expansion of the empire. As war minister in 1895 he had calculated in cold blood the probable cost in life and treasure of the expansion of the empire, and he took part in all the slaughter which this policy involved.

During the Russian-Japanese war he gloried in the fact that among the rank and file 67 per cent of his men had been killed. When Russian newspaper correspondents pictured the true conditions, he bitterly arraigned them for treason, saying that what they did was "to instill a hatred of war into the masses." He was recklessly brave. He severely reprimanded a subordinate for writing a letter on a sheet of paper when half would have sufficed, yet he and General Sievers staged a banquet and ball where the decorations alone cost thousands of dollars. He was scrupulous in attending the Russian Church each week, but he remained only for a few minutes each time.

General Kuropatkin vigorously opposed Kerensky and all democratic "tricksters," and in all his writings one finds not a word of criticism of the autocracy. When the revolution broke, he protested vigorously against arrest. "As a military commander have I not performed valiant service in winning empire for the country? Is this my reward?" One of his officers expressed his perplexity. "All our lives we have worked for the Tsar, and now we feel like a man who is suddenly transported into the heart of China and forced to eat raw fish with chopsticks. We cannot understand what the people say and we cannot eat what they serve." Another adjutant said to me: "Now I see that all my life I have been cut off from the people. It was just as though there was a little fence around my brain, shutting me off from the masses, and now that the revolution has come I can't break down the barriers."

Such was the best of the autocracy under the Tsar, brave, patriotic, even outwardly religious, but utterly unconscious of the fundamental needs of the masses who make up 93 per cent of the people.

IT was not long before I was called back to Petrograd by the United States Diplomatic Mission, headed by Senator Root, and given active charge of all Y.M.C.A. war-work. We were to establish huts along 1,500 miles of battle-front and could use as much as a million dollars a month. I was thrown into contact with some of the leaders, who were then at the head of the government: Prince G. Lvov, prime minister and minister of the interior, who had been a member of the famous group which presented a petition to the Tsar in 1905 urging constitutional government, and president of the All-Russian Union of Zemstvos, had done excellent work in creating hospital service for the army; Paul Mildukov, orator, teacher, a former lecturer in America, who was the foreign minister, one of the cadet party and a man of property; S. I. Shidlovsky, a member of the famous inner executive committee elected by the Duma to direct events during the early days of the revolution. I used to dine at Shidlovsky's home frequently and kept in rather close touch with what he was doing and thinking.

Every one of these leaders had a pleasing personality and intellectual brilliance. But they were no more fitted to cope with revolutionary conditions and psychology than a horse and buggy to meet the needs of modern transportation. Born and brought up in the Tsar's regime, they carried over the behavior patterns of the old culture and were unwilling to see the nobility lose property. Each one of them made irreparable blunders. Prince Lvov failed to see the necessity of working with the workingmen's and soldiers' councils, and resigned from the cabinet after the July up-

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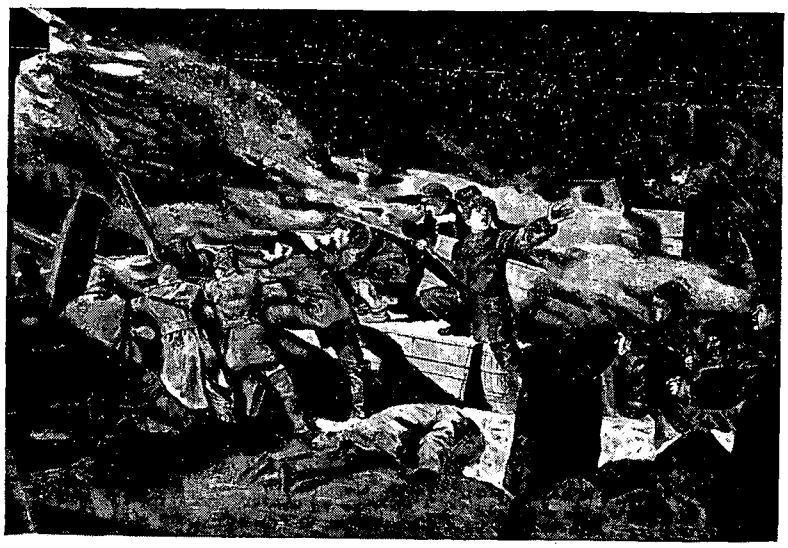

Moscow in Dec. 1905—A revolutionary uprising—with two weeks fighting

rising. Mildukov, while the Russian masses were seeking peace without annexations or indemnities, demanded a war of territorial conquest. The inevitable result was his enforced resignation and later he went over to the Germans.

Shidlovsky was totally out of sympathy with Kerensky and secretly hoped that he would be overthrown, even by the Bolsheviks, on the theory that the Bolsheviks would in turn promote a reaction of the right. He used to tell me in defense of his theory, "When you have a cold you can continue to work for long periods of time, but when you are seriously ill the crisis comes quickly and you recover." He believed that with the advent of Bolshevism, Russia would be near to death; it could not die, hence an immediate recovery was inevitable. After observing these intellectualists in action, I feel that they resemble some of our literary liberals in America. They talk convincingly and write brilliantly, but one always doubts whether they could do the thing they are talking about even if they had the chance.

I came also to know Alexander Federovich Kerensky. He had always lived nearer the masses and consequently remained in power longer than the others. It is my opinion that he just missed being one of the really heroic figures of the ages. He lost because he lacked a clearly thought-out philosophy of the social order, an iron will, and administrative genius. Strangely enough, he was born and brought up in the same city where Lenin lived, in Simbirsk. His father was director of the high school while Lenin's father was head of a local school. Kerensky told me that his first childish recollections were of the terror which seized upon the city because of the execution of Alexander Illitoch Ulynanoff, a student who shared in the attempt to kill Alexander III. This boy, whose death created such a profound impression upon the youthful Kerensky, was the brother of Lenin, who was, presumably, even more deeply affected. Thus the execution of one boy proved the stimulus for the revolutionary careers of the two men who were to do more than all others to overthrow autocratic power. Kerensky was also impressed by the exclusion of his boyhood peasant friends from the gymnasium. In 1889 Kerensky's father was transferred to Tashkent, a station on the road to Siberia where many revolutionists lived in exile and the native Mohammedans suffered grievous oppression by the military commanders.

Kerensky graduated from the gymnasium in 1899 and entered the law faculty at Petrograd. On graduation he joined the social revolutionists. Following the revolution of 1905, he defended the politicals in the succeeding reaction and persecution. In the trial of the Doshnaktzutiuns he proved that the government had manufactured false evidence. When sixty strikers in the Lena gold mines were shot, he investigated the facts on the spot and published a pamphlet which was confiscated by the government.

ON the whole, Kerensky tried to work along legal lines. Still, the only factor preventing his arrest was his membership in the Duma. He was surrounded by spies and in the Tsar's secret records he had been nicknamed The Quick One because of his alacrity in moving from one place to another. A boy whom he took into his family to help with an education, turned out to be a spy. On February 15, 1917, he made an impassioned plea before the Duma in the course of which he said, "I belong to the party which openly recognizes the necessity of killing tyrants," and again, "Sometimes a gangrenous condition which would destroy its patient can be healed only by a surgical operation." He was saved from jail only by the outbreak of the revolution itself.

My first contact with Kerensky was in Turkestan where he was defending the Sartes, who had revolted against conscription under the Tsar. I remember vividly the trial of fifty Sartes leaders seated on the floor in a military hall. Kerensky made a brilliant speech for the defense, in which he said: "These men know nothing about the war. They cannot even understand our language. They are like children. Why should we execute them because they objected to being sent to the front in a war about which they know nothing and care nothing."

Kerensky was one of the most brilliant orators the revolution produced. One Russian correspondent described him as a "volcano, hurling forth sheaths of all-consuming fire." Another compared him to a railway whistle. "He had a white heat of passion, an unbroken torrent of fierce words." After his elevation to the ministry of war, he traveled up and down the front, exhorting, pleading, threatening, darting ceaselessly backward and forward between one army front and another, urging the soldiers to patriotic devotion for the revolution and for their country.

Kerensky lacked the iron will and invincible purpose to maintain himself in power. He clung to his own ideals when those ideals conflicted with the longings of the Russian masses. The people wanted peace; he urged war. The people wanted land; he said, "Wait until the constitutional assembly gives you the land." In a revolutionary epoch the people do not wait for law. They desire immediate action.

Kerensky lacked resolution and firmness. He failed to think in advance of the effect of the ideal on the practical. For example, as minister of justice, he abolished the death penalty, a popular move, but months later, in order to make the troops advance, he was compelled to permit whole battalions of Russian troops to be mowed down by Russian artillery. He decreed unrestricted freedom of press and assembly and he so far kept to this ideal that when the executive committee of one of the army fronts arrested the editor of The Trench Truth for his virulent attacks,

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Kerensky wired, "If Lieutenant Houstoff arrested merely for criticising my words and actions, then, since we have freedom of speech, I consider such arrest unpermissible." Yet six months later he closed down the Leninite papers and abolished public assembly at the front. He promised the council of workers that troops should never be brought from outside to interfere with a crisis in the capital; faced with the July uprising, he violated his pledge. He approved a charter of soldiers' rights, but later abrogated them.

Another blunder was his resignation from the government several months before its fall, because of the opposition of military leaders, and then assuming leadership again without in the slightest winning the opposition to his support. In the Korniloff episode he acted promptly, but he should have known that in arming the Bolshevik workingmen he was practically giving them the power if they wanted to take it.

It is not surprising that Kerensky, who had been a political agitator and an attorney on behalf of civil liberties, should be incapable of administering the affairs of state in a revolutionary country which at that time presented more difficulties than any other government in the world. He was faced with impossible demands from the Allies. They wanted to see a military dictator in control of Russia who would wage aggressive warfare. While Kerensky was prime minister many officers openly told me that as soon as they had the chance they intended to hang him. As the Korniloff episode showed, the overwhelming majority of the officers throughout Russia wanted to do away with genuine democracy. On the other hand, the Russian people wanted peace and confiscation of property, which Kerensky was unwilling to promote. In some respects he thus became a general without an army, and his fall was inevitable.

It was not strange also that Kerensky should have had his head turned by the tremendous popularity with which his career began. His picture was printed by the million; nearly every home and store had a copy. He made the political blunders of sleeping in the Tsar's own bed at the Winter Palace and of discounting the strength of his opponents. On the very day before his fall I asked him whether there was any danger from the Bolsheviks. With a smile and a wave of his hand he replied, "Not the slightest in the world." The next day he was fleeing for his life.

Kerensky might perhaps be termed the idealistic voice of the revolution, echoing from one place to another, but without materialization. He did not share the weakness of the cadets in failing to understand to some degree the longings of the masses, but he was unwilling to yield to these longings if the result violated established legal procedure.

When the Bolsheviks took over power I was bitterly opposed to them, but my Y.M.C.A. work imposed neutrality. I could not withstand the impulse to help in some ways during the seven days' fighting and served as a Red Cross worker, helping to carry in the dead and wounded. This brought me in touch with the Bolsheviks, since my duties took me across the lines. After their victory throughout Russia, the banks were seized and no one could draw money without written authorization from a Bolshevik authority. As we were using about a million roubles a month, this brought on a crisis in our affairs and put me in contact with Trotsky. On the advice of the American ambassador, I had secured an order for a million roubles from the Bolshevik commissioner of war, Podvoisk, but the bank refused to honor it without endorsement from either Trotsky or Lenin. Podvoisk was much disturbed when I told him of his lack of authority and somewhat reluctantly wrote a personal letter to Trotsky. I found the latter speaking before several thousand delegates to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets. As I entered, he was saying that he would never sign an unjust treaty with Germany. He was true to his word; he never did, although he resigned as foreign minister to avoid it. Trotsky was easily the most brilliant of the Bolshevik orators and would hold an audience spell-bound for hours. I listened, fascinated by his clear, vigorous presentation of the justice of Russia's position. At the conclusion of his speech as he hurried off the platform, I tried to reach him but was blocked by one of the Red Guard.

Afterwards I found that the People's Commissars were meeting in an all-night session at Smolney Institute, their headquarters. Hurrying over, I managed to catch Trotsky in the hall. In unmistakable terms he told me he would have no time to bother with me that night. On my insistent demand that we should have to return to America unless we could secure money and that no one knew where he might be in the morning, perhaps even at Brest-Litovsk, he invited me into the room where the People's Commissars were meeting. I told him about our work for the soldiers, asking whether he was not familiar with the Association's program.

Moscow in October 1917—the battle at Nikitski Gate

The Red Army enters city of Krasnoarsk—January 1920

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"Yes," he said, "I saw the Y.M.C.A. in the jail in Halifax where I was confined."

"Well," I replied, "it was doing good work, wasn't it?"

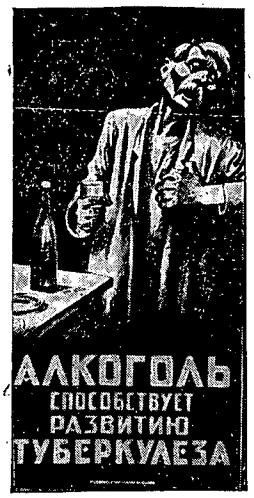
"Yes," he countered, "but it was a bit too conservative."

Trotsky is preeminently a man of action. To him more than to anyone else was due the military success of the Bolshevik coup d'état. Once in power, he reconstructed the army from a demoralized mass to a highly disciplined body capable of defeating the counter-revolutionary forces backed even by Allied wealth and armies. In a country characteristically oriental in its lack of system, slowness, and corruption, he stood out as a shining example of what Russians could do. He was the soul of integrity, scrupulously precise, and ever brought order out of chaos. Whenever he agreed to meet a person he was ready on the moment.

Trotzky had the trait so characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt of dramatizing the commonplace. When he was given charge of a part of the work of the supreme economic council, one method of securing better production was to make the struggle picturesque. Some of the factories were producing an inferior grade of matches which often refused to light. Trotsky would summon the president of the match trust to his office and ask him about his product. When assured of its high quality he would bring out the matches and ask the president to light them then and there. This made good newspaper copy and the resulting publicity stimulated executives throughout the country to do their best.

Trotsky loves to be in the limelight and to play a lone hand. Raymond Robbins, who knew him well, has said that he liked to play the prima donna role, which almost inevitably fosters jealousy among party associates. But there is little question that many army officers and men adored him for his bravery, optimism, and audacious leadership. It was said, immediately following the death of Lenin, that Trotsky was more popular with the rank and file of the Communist Party than any other individual. Yet he had the faculty of antagonizing powerful men; he was a poor psychologist. Even while Lenin lived, when Trotsky wished to inaugurate a labor army he made tactical blunders: he argued the matter for two days in the Central Committee at a time when moments were precious. When the vote was taken, everyone opposed him, including Lenin. Nothing daunted, Trotsky went out to organize independent committees to push over his own idea. It is action of this kind which has prevented Trotsky from playing a more important role since Lenin's death. Lenin valued his ability as a constructive executive, but any real leader has to learn to work with others, even those who differ from him. Trotsky's name will always live in history, but it will never attain the heights accorded Lenin.

Alcoholism increases dangerous accidents



Alcoholism predisposes to tuberculosis

Alcoholism destroys family life

Drunkenness fans church prejudices

Athletic clubs substitute for drunkenness

Lenin had to meet the vitriolic opposition which is common to all great prophetic leaders during their lives and immediately afterward. After his death, a university professor wrote of him in the Forum: "Half mad and ill, he was suited to be the head of a government distinguished by wild destruction, unlimited bestiality, cruelty, and animosity." Judge Holt of Virginia called him "an incredibly sinister figure, an arch enemy of civilization." John Spargo said: "Coldly cynical, crassly materialistic, utterly unscrupulous, repudiating moral codes and sanctions as bourgeois sentimentality, Lenin has surrounded himself with shady and desperate characters." On the other hand, Anna Louise Strong believes "no public man of our time has made such a gift to human progress as has Lenin. No man has been increasingly loved by so many millions of people." John Haynes Holmes paid him this tribute: "One of the greatest statesmen of all time, he was as well one of the noblest of martyrs." The New York Times, which bitterly flayed him alive, commented editorially on his death: "Lenin was the most remarkable of the personalities brought into prominence from obscurity by the World War. By many he has been regarded as the mere paid agent of Germany. Of this no proof has ever been forthcoming. An American more or less in sympathy with his doctrines described him as 'the greatest living statesman in Europe.' It was a striking tribute to the personality of the man." The conflicting testimony goes to prove him one of the great challenging figures of our epoch.

Lenin was the last man one would take for a great leader in appearance. After a tremendous ovation following a speech before the All-Russian Congress he would go out dressed as a common workingman, ready to talk with me or with any one who happened to accost him. Seen in a crowd, Lenin would not be picked out as a ruler. He always insisted that he did not make the revolution, that it was the irresistible pressure of social, economic, and

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historical factors which forced him to assume the leadership; had he never existed, some one else would have led the Bolsheviks.

Over against this theory is the extraordinary intellectual capacity of the man. The director of the gymnasium where he studied, who happened to be Kerensky's father, wrote in the records when the boy graduated, years ago: "Of all our students the most talented was Ulianof [Lenin]. He was always conscientious and accurate, and was the first student in all his classes. At the end of his course he was awarded the gold medal for having made the most brilliant record." His scholarship still stands high. The list of his books and pamphlets would fill several pages and he spoke many languages fluently.

Lenin early developed the extreme self-discipline and consistency characteristic of great reformers. When he was in the university, his mother wanted him to give up smoking for fear of its effect on his health. This made little impression on him, but when his mother argued that he had no right to spend anything, even one cent, on himself, when he was not earning all his own way, he gave up smoking forever.

I first saw Lenin when he had just come through Germany in the famous sealed railroad car. He was speaking before the All-Russian Congress of Soviets. He had few supporters then and he was almost hissed off the platform. I recall with amazement the audacity of his address. He advocated immediate peace with Germany, immediate seizure of the land for the peasants, and the control of the factories by the workingmen. Lenin never faltered before adverse audiences; all his life he had been fighting in the minority. It was not long before the Russian people were taking up his slogans; indeed, it might be said that he merely crystallized the deep longings of the Russian people. This was one of the traits which separated him sharply from Kerensky—he was able to feel the longings of the masses and "capitalize" them. The very formula by which he took control, "All Power to the Soviets," was merely a recognition of a *fait accompli*.

It has always seemed to me that Lenin was the very negation of some of his theories. He emphasized the economic interpretation of history, whereas he himself was dominated by the irresistible will to transform the social order in behalf of all the people. He opposed sentimentalism and pooh-poohed the idea that he loved the workingman, yet after his death his wife testified that deep down in his heart he had always loved the peasants and workers and was motivated by that love. To him there was only one thing worthwhile, and that was the next generation.

Alcohol leads to unemployment

Alcohol leads to insanity

Alcohol leads to murder

Alcohol decreases labor productivity

Women—children fight drunkenness!

His self-sacrificing devotion to his cause kindled others. Of the hundred or more leaders whose names are in the Communist Who's Who, 80 per cent have a record of imprisonment under the Tsar. Lenin knew how to take the longings of the multitude, crystallize them into a philosophy of life, and enlist a daring group of followers in their realization. His energy was amazing. He worked night and day for weeks at a time. He believed in iron discipline within the party.

He had a marked sincerity, almost like that of the prophets of the Old Testament; of all his friends and foes whom I have met in Russia and outside I have never found an intelligently informed man who doubted it. He was filled with a boundless faith in his cause, though he was not blind to the weaknesses and faults of his followers and of himself. He kept reiterating that the only road to success was painstaking, hard work. He demanded forethought, persistence, accuracy, production, careful accounting, efficiency. "We must use the virtues of capitalism in behalf of communism for all the workers and peasants." In the early days of the revolution he did not know how long the Soviets could endure, but he was supremely convinced that in the end, whether communism remained in Russia or not, it would win throughout the world.

He was not only a prophet but a statesman. When the Allies refused to help fight the treaty with Germany, Lenin, in a captivating speech which held us spellbound, said that now Russia must conclude peace; the unjust treaty could not endure, and that it was only a question of time before it would be scrapped; in the meanwhile, it would give Russia a breathing spell—and he proved to be right.

Lenin was continually adapting his program to meet the realities of the situation. When he found that pure communism was plunging the country into ruin, he alone saw the necessity of a new economic policy. When Trotsky favored refusing to sign the peace treaty with Germany and the disbanding of the army, Lenin opposed it. He recognized that it was an impracticable policy, yet he did not prevent its being tried.

He seemed to have no personal ambition but to think always in terms of the success (*Continued on page* 608)

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According to the advice of Lenin
Strengthen the Worker and Peasant—Team Play

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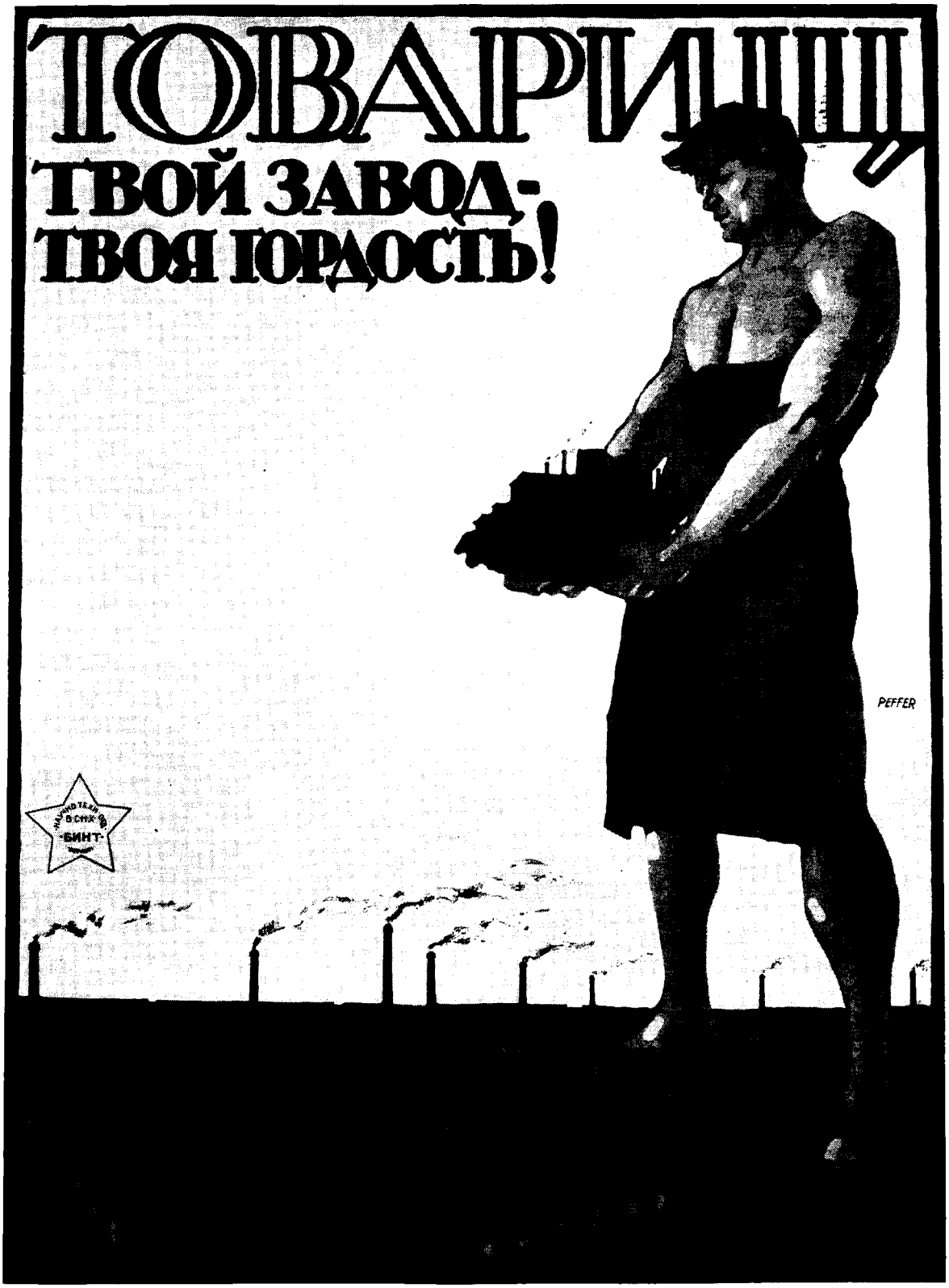

Comrades - - Your Factory - - Your Pride!

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By creating healthy living we win the victory over tuberculosis

The friend of vodka liquor is the enemy of the trade unions--unemployable

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The Mind in the Machine

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

The world has long been fumbling for democracy, but has not yet grasped its essential and basic idea. Business and industrial organization is, I believe, on the verge of making large contributions to something far more important than democracy, democracy in its more superficial meaning—to the development of integrative unity.—*Mary P. Follett.*

Now, that is a much more comprehensive conception of democracy than the mere development of sensitiveness in a few aristocrats. Dewey, in his Reconstruction of Philosophy has two sentences worth reading in this connection: "Full education comes only when there is a responsible share on the part of each person, in proportion to capacity, in shaping the aims and policies of the social groups to which he belongs. This fact fixes the significance of democracy."—*Henry S. Dennison.*

THE machine-made mind—what pictures the term evokes! The standardized automaton, the man with a number instead of a name, easy prey of mob madness, the advertiser's cunning, the propagandist's tom-tom. Antithesis of the robust, free American of Whitman's Song of Myself. That, we are told on all sides by our cynical intelligentsia, for whom democracy is an evaporated delusion, is what the machine has brought us to. The man most desired, they say, by the masters of wealth and their efficiency-engineering retainers, is the ox-like, pliable moron, and they are turning him out by the millions like jitneys or spark-plugs or pins. These are current, stereotyped pictures. How far do they fit the facts?

Let me return to my first impression of the Sperry Gyroscope factory and the outline of the process by which its present works' organization evolved. There was the eight-mirrored rotor designed to whirl at a uniform speed of 32,000 revolutions per minute, to catch, break and flash back beams of light in such a way as to enable a university physicist to test the Einstein theory of relativity under laboratory conditions. Its effective performance required that certain of its parts must be tooled to an accuracy beyond one ten-thousandth of an inch, an accuracy so near perfection of eveness that it could be attained only by supplementing the available measuring instruments with the skill of fingers of rare tactile delicacy. That fact threw light on the existence of the personnel department and the company union through which the bodies and minds of the workmen, from the engineers to the messenger boys, were kept in utmost nicety of adjustment to the total production process. This eight-mirrored rotor differed only in degree of refinement from the principal product of the factory, the gyrocompass, an instrument that knows true north and through an electrically contrived nervous system, automatically keeps ships to their course. The heart of this compass is a rotor that spins at from 8,000 to 11,000 revolutions per minute. Its dependable performance, too, demands delicate adjustments which only specialized craftsmen can make. But more important than this super-mechanical skill of the final adjuster, is the fact that the instruments when completed are the assemblage of hundreds of parts each of which was separately made in separate departments of the factory, and that each of these parts had so to be fashioned with reference to the finished instrument that when assembled they would function together as an integrative unity.

What most excited me as I went through the factory with the factory superintendent, whose consciousness seemed to embrace all the tributaries of the total stream of production, was the discovery of his unexpressed conviction that this result could not be assured unless the behavior of the human beings in the working force, the rills of energy—spiritual energy, if you will—which their activities released, were also integrated into a purposefully functioning unity. The consciousness of organic unity awakened in his mind by the behavior of machines, which he felt as only the specifically conditioned extension of human behavior, he was widening to include the behavior of all the members of the producing force.

It was more than two years after that first visit and after a dozen or more conferences with the factory superintendent that he confirmed what I then suspected, namely, that he was under the influence of Frederick W. Taylor and after his own fashion was applying the scientific technique to human behavior, not only as specifically conditioned in machines, but in those wider ranges of infinite scope that can never be completely reduced to formulae. He had not told me because, as he explained, he did not think of his activities as significant except in relation to his immediate job. The performance of machines he knew to be important, the job-analysis of the least human operation was important. But why should anyone be interested in the details of his behavior except his superior officers and not even they so long as he got results? And yet it was obvious that "results" would not have been got in his sense, had his mind, his consciousness, not encompassed materials, machines and men as an integrative unity.

WITH his help I try to trace in skeleton outline the steps by which the form of organization he carries in his mind has evolved, and the reason why his work as production superintendent has been supplemented with a personnel department. If I were attempting to trace the evolution of the gyroscope, and more specifically the gyrocompass, I should find all the details accurately set down in the record. Even today, after hundreds of these instruments are installed on battleships and merchantmen, every compass that comes from the factory is subjected to searching laboratory tests in order that any slightest variation from standard behavior may be detected and added to the growing body of knowledge. Even the most scientifically-minded business executives, with rare exceptions, do not as yet honor human behavior in any comparable degree. They accept as axiomatic Taylor's statement that all other industrial problems are swallowed up in the problem of industrial relations, but for the most part they let it go at that, so far as systematic record and the inductive appraisal of records are concerned. What I here set down is my own abstract

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of hours of cooperative thinking with my friend, I. H. Mills, the factory superintendent in the Sperry gyroscope factory.

Most machines are the stereotyped embodiments of comparatively simple human motions—specifically conditioned extensions of human behavior. Last night, for example, I sat beside the engine on a Hudson River ferry and watched the motion of the great steel driving-arm—the piston-rod, the connecting-rod, the eccentric crank—that applied the steam power in the cylinder to the paddle-wheel. It was precisely the motion of my own arm when a few minutes before I had wound up the gramaphone at command of a company of children. Men had used that motion for thousands of years on the reel of derricks or to lower and raise buckets in wells before they saw that it could be detached and stereotyped in the steel arms of an engine. The same is true of the compressed air hammer, the punching bear, or even the high-speed lathe whose performance is only a swift reduplication of the motion the cook makes when she peels a potato. That is what I mean when I say that the behavior of the machine is only the specifically conditioned extension of human behavior, not something magically imported into our lives from the outside "physical" or "soulless" realm of nature. The machine will no more than the hand do its work unless it is held within the scope of consciousness. When we watch the behavior of a machine just as when we watch our own behavior, we are, as a matter of fact, nature watching herself—the creative spirit, the law of life, call it what you will, coming into self-awareness.

THIS perception of the relation of machine to human behavior lies at the foundation of scientific management and is of its essence. It accounts for the evolutionary extension of the scientific technique to include not only the behavior of machines and of men as machine operatives, but also the whole range of influences to which men are responsive as men and members of the community in so far as these influences flow into and affect the productive process. Frederick W. Taylor was the first to see this as a fact of general application, and it was only because, like Darwin's, his vision clashed with the prevailing moralistic attitude toward human relations, that he was at first denounced as a materialistic exploiter of men instead of being acclaimed as a "spiritual" prophet. He saw that if the simple motion men make in turning a wheel could be abstracted and stereotyped in the driving arm of an engine the same thing could be done with all motions which skilled craftsmen by the mystery-shrouded method of trial and error had evolved through the ages. In his own language, Taylor's first step was to "gather in all the great mass of traditional knowledge which in the past has been in the heads of the workmen, and in his physical knack and skill," and then "to record it, tabulate it, and, in many cases reduce it to laws, rules, and even to mathematical formulae." For this he used job analysis, including both motion- and time-study, since the time in which a motion is performed is a salient mark of its excellence. Once motions are reduced to mathematical formulae they can either be stereotyped into machines or held in store by management for transfer to other workmen, as Mrs. Rorer has transferred her skill in the preparation of succulent dishes to thousands of us through the recipes, the mathematical formulae, in her cook-book. The factory superintendent, possessed of this stored knowledge, becomes like the conductor of an orchestra with the records for his score, and the workmen like members of the band who play their parts in obedience to the conductor's baton. The thing that distinguishes the conductor from the part-players is that his awareness of the total process includes their awareness of segments of the total process, although they play best when they share his inclusive awareness.

BUT the factory superintendent in addition to being the conductor of the working force is also the point of integration between that force and the designing department, the stores, cost-accounting and planning departments. In the old-fashioned factory—and most factories are today still old-fashioned—these activities were not segregated to separate functionalized departments. In the Sperry organization, the departments back of the factory superintendent, like the divisions of the workshop in front of him, are patterned after the parts of a machine so that their activities too are synchronized. Like the general staff of an army, these departments fix the conditions within which the factory superintendent must operate; they make the plans, down to detailed specification as to how the work must be done, they supply the materials, they predetermine the cost of each job, of each part and of the product as a whole, and they set the time limits within which the contract must be executed. In themselves they constitute a separate unity the resultant of whose integrated effort is transmitted to the manufacturing shop through the factory superintendent, the point of contact through whom a circular response is established between them.

It is a significant commentary upon the general state of maladjustment in modern industrial society that when we speak of human relations in industry we have almost exclusively in mind the relations between the proprietary management on the one side and the wage-earning workers on the other. Moreover, the term bears a connotation of latent and always threatening conflict as contrasted with the sense of complete adjustment conveyed by the technical management's organization and control of the purely machine equipment. The process by which human motions have been abstracted and stereotyped in repetitive machines can be effectively applied to man-power only within roughly definable limits because the possible variables in human behavior, as contrasted with the known variable embodied in machines, are infinite. The ideal of a perfect integrative unity which can be attained in the machine can only be approximated in the organization of man-power even when all members of the working force are agreed in recognizing the productive process as the focus of their common interests. For the very existence of the hired and fired wage-paid group over against the property-anchored hiring and firing group is conclusive evidence of a conflict of interest that cannot be completely resolved within any one industrial establishment because it is inherent in our general economic and social set-up and so transcends individual managerial control. Moreover, for similar reasons a similar conflict of interest between the owner and seller of the product and the buying public always exerts a disturbing pressure upon the internal plant organization—a pressure which the wage-workers, when their desires are inadequately satisfied and their latent feeling of conflict boils like a volcano into eruption, generally attempt to capitalize.

It is for these reasons that alertly managed concerns like the Sperry Gyroscope Company—and as a widely noted

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example, the American Telegraph and Telephone Company —maintain both publicity or public relations, and personnel or industrial relations departments. And in both fields, certainly in the field of personnel, what impressed me most in the Sperry Gyroscope factory was that the same technique that had produced the gyrocompass and the functionalized production organization was being applied to the problems of industrial relations, although for reasons I shall presently indicate, even the personnel superintendent was loath to recognize that this was the case.

The personnel department in such an organization as the Sperry Gyroscope Company performs, as I see it, two major functions. First, its business is to pour the oil of human kindliness upon the points of friction that develop among the wage-workers under the management's pressure to keep the man-power in synchronized harmonious adjustment to the machines, so that there will be an even flow of production from the stores and planning departments to the assembling room, so that the whole organization will function as a unity. In this respect it stands at the arm of the factory superintendent, the leader of the orchestra, and looks inward upon the production organization as a living machine with an infinity of imperfectly predictable possibilities of variation from the standard pattern. If the behavior of the finished product is to be dependable, it is essential here as in the orchestra that every note shall be both true and played on time, a thing that is impossible when preventable accidents, for example, or unsatisfied grievances break in like a thunderstorm.

Its second function is to protect this smoothly running, highly integrated production process from the capricious intrusion of outside forces—public opinion, meddlesome social reformers, militant Christian saviors of the underdog, class- or wage-conscious trade unionists—an infinite variety of subtle and unpredictable influences that always threaten to disturb not only the smooth flow of the process but also the serene sovereignty of management within its own presumptive proprietary domain.

The principal embarrassment in the way of a deliberately scientific approach to these problems of industrial relations is the traditional, sentimental, almost superstitious hostility of us outsiders—including the workers as folks outside the factory—to the suggestion that human behavior might wisely be dealt with in the dispassionate engineering spirit that has created the machine. "Look at the exploiters," we growl. "They want to reduce men to machines, automata, robots." We fail to see that the energy that courses through the machine is after all only a rivulet of the cosmic stream of creative energy which when we feel it coursing through ourselves we call "spiritual" power. Yesterday a guest at table asked the president of a manufacturing concern why and how his company pensioned incapacitated employes.

"To dump them out upon the community," he answered immediately, "would engender an amount of ill-will we wouldn't know how to meet, that we couldn't afford to have to meet."

BUT how could they be pensioned without placing an impossible financial burden upon the business?

"Here, as a matter of fact," he went on to explain, "as with all our personnel work, we are experimentally applying the engineering technique, *though, of course, we don't openly use that word.*"

He was afraid of the current popular taboo against "treating men like machines." It is as if the orderly process of nature, the law of life becoming self-conscious in us, were terrified at its own emerging self-awareness. Through the engineering technique, we have reduced infant mortality, conquered malaria, rescued sick minds from witchcraft and the tortures aimed at their possessing devils. And though they dare not as yet use the words freely lest they arouse our superstitious resentments, enlightened industrial leaders are transforming the bases of human relations in industry by the application of the engineering technique to a widening range of human behavior.

Stated in sociological terms, the mores, folkways, habit-patterns of the prescientific life of our race come into head-on collision with the emerging scientific attitude at this point where the personnel department attempts to deal with human problems objectively. Just as the eight-mirrored rotor, designed to spin at an even speed of 32,000 revolutions per minute, had suddenly made it clear that the scientific organization of skill was a reflex response to the demands of the instrument as a condition of its dependable behavior, so my first contact with the personnel superintendent revealed the character of this collision,—this supremely dramatic conflict between what we commonly all medievalism and the scientific spirit.

THE personnel superintendent, himself an engineer by profession, had sent an article to The Survey entitled Personnel Work—a Matter of Good Business. That subtitle indicated the need he subconsciously felt of reconciling the engineering technique he was applying to human behavior with the prevailing mores of the business community. That he was applying this technique he revealed in his opening paragraph by defining his objective as the elimination of waste "a large part of which is composed of misdirected and misapplied human energy." Viewed in this light, "the personnel department becomes a coordinating agency for stimulating, guiding and supervising all activities which develop a better application of effort for performing the work and conserving energies for the achievement of the purpose of the organization as a whole." But again, as in his subtitle, he immediately ran to cover by classifying the records of his work, not under engineering headings but under headings promulgated by the high priesthood of the prescientific mores,—"fifteen principles of business conduct adopted by the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in May 1924," such as "the foundation of business is confidence, which springs from integrity, fair dealing, efficient service and mutual benefit," and "permanency and continuity of service are basic aims of business."

These platitudes of high emotional content and well-intentioned but inscrutable meaning inevitably provoke their equally turgid opposites in the minds of the militant trade-unionist who thinks of industry not as integrative process, but as a battleground where "the haves and the have-nots got to keep fighting it out for the dough."

"Cut that stuff out," one of them said as I read the principles; "A mess of bunkum, a smoke screen to dizzy the workers while *they* get away with the goods."

Since the days of the Greeks bearing gifts, and probably long before, men have been wary of men who when they do good deeds sound a trumpet before them. As I read the article I had perpetually to disengage the essential engineering record of performance from this cloying fog of adventitious benevolent moralizations.

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Take his handling of industrial accidents. Due to his use of the "principles" as classificatory captions, his article somehow conveyed the impression that the marked reduction in preventable injuries during the period from 1919 to 1923, was a by-product of flowering managerial benevolence. As a matter of fact, he won approval for his proposal to establish a personnel department because he had been able to demonstrate that by the application of the engineering technique to these "acts of God," money could be saved in insurance rates and through relieving the production process of hampering interruptions. Now I have not the slightest doubt that from the inception of the enterprise, the owners and managers of the factory, distinguished and high-minded gentlemen like Mr. Sperry, were as kindly disposed toward their employes as a father toward his children. But how many families do we not all know where in spite of the tenderest affection children have died of what science has since demonstrated to be preventable diseases? Up to 1918, when the personnel department was started, the accident-rate in the Sperry factory, though not extreme, was, considering the nature of the work, needlessly high. And what lead the management to attack the problem in an engineering spirit? First, the state workmen's accident compensation law, expressive of the emergence of the scientific attitude in the body politic, which held that industrial injuries were not accidents but preventable incidents of production, primarily chargeable to management. When management was thus compelled to carry insurance at rates that went up or down with the number of injuries, the economic motive, whose spiritual validity men are so loath to acknowledge, came into play. Then the personnel superintendent began to analyze every accident to get at its cause and prevent its recurrence.

THE work in the Sperry factory was not unusually hazardous and yet under the régime of unscientific paternal benevolence it reached a peak of 45 per thousand employes in a single month. As soon as the engineering technique was applied both the number of accidents and the cost of insurance began steadily to fall as shown in the accompanying abstract.

Is this materialism or sound idealism, this replacement of vague good-will by the engineering technique in the control of human behavior as expressed in the accident-rate? Here again the technique of prevention is a reflex response to the behavior of the machine, which if it is injured, if it gets out of order, will pay no attention to ravings about the caprices of machine nature. It compels men to ask clear-headedly and without anger, How did you get that way? and thus to take with respect to its own behavior, at least, the scientific attitude,—which, in due course, by process of inductive analogy, they learn to take toward their own.

Take next the hiring of new workers. In the good old days when all men were presumptively brothers and the management wanted to adopt a new member into the family, what happened? Why, the foreman went down to the factory gate where a miscellaneous company of applicants kept an eye on the weather. "Any good all-round machinists, or moulders, or pattern-makers looking for a job?" he shouted. And if jobs were scarce, most men would answer "yes," whatever their previous experience. The foreman would look them over, trust to his ability to size up human nature, and pick out what he wanted, as bargain-hunting women buy antiques at an auction. Sometimes his hunch was right, sometimes his divining rod took a false twist and he picked a misfit. Then followed haggling over wages, "giving 'em hell" for spoiled work, the walking delegate, perhaps, or a departmental strike. Such things happen even in the best regulated families, where all love has been known to change to all strife, for want of a little objective knowledge of human nature.

	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923
Severity Rate: Number of days lost per 1,000 hours worked	1.97	.32	.06	.02	.1	.08
Actual cost of safety work including workmen's compensation per $100 of payroll	$1.83	$ .85	$ .74	$ .65	$ .60	$ .60

HERE again the machine has taught men a bit of common sense. The foreman needs to replace a worn part, or if he needs new parts, he sends precise specifications to the stores department. If the stores department sends him something that "will do just as well" but doesn't, he doesn't swear at it or throw it out of the window. He sends it back and insists upon getting precisely what his specifications called for. So today in the Sperry factory, a foreman needing a workman sends to the employment division of the personnel department precise specifications of the job to be filled and on this basis the employment supervisor interviews applicants and makes intelligent selections. Often the employment supervisor goes through the factory to see if, with the help of the training section, an old employe may not be equipped for the vacancy and so given an opportunity for advancement. Or if a new-comer has good general qualifications, but not the specialized experience called for, he may be put in training until he is ready to fit smoothly into the production organization without engendering friction to his own hurt and the disturbance of the flow of production.

To me who initially approached this "company union shop" in the trade-unionist's doctrinaire spirit of critical hostility, the most significant application of the engineering technique to the control of human behavior had to do with wages. In the first section of this study [January Graphic], I told how before the war and indeed up to the end of 1918, grievances in the Sperry factory, and more especially wage grievances, were handled by the management with the chapel stewards of the craft unions, or through their business agents, although the unions were not formally recognized; how, when the pressure of war production threw the loose "family" system into confusion, the engineer, who at the suggestion of the naval authorities was retained to reorganize the plant, held a meeting in the trade-union hall and tried to persuade the union leaders to cooperate in the setting up of some sort of works' council through which the man-power might be brought into over-all integrative adjustment to the machine power; how the union leaders—craft union leaders—in whose minds the proposal threatened their power within their set jurisdictions, persuaded their followers in the factory to vote "no." Give our members more wages, they said in effect, and there will be no need for any further personnel organization. They had not yet become "process conscious" as some of them, those who are promoting the

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union-management cooperative plan in the locomotive repair shops of the B. & O. railroads for example, have since become. For several years they succeeded in nullifying repeated attempts to start a works' council. Meanwhile, the war came to an end. The bargaining power of the unions was impaired,—practically destroyed in the Brooklyn market by internal dissension in their most powerful unit, Micrometer Lodge 460. The working force in the Sperry factory, for want of orders, had to be cut from approximately 2,500 to less than 900 men.

When business in the country returned to the up-grade, the Sperry employes felt entitled to share in the returning prosperity. Their unions were demoralized. Then, on their own initiative, they returned to the company union idea as a substitute for collective bargaining,—as a possible means of bringing collective pressure on the management to increase wages. This time *they* applied for permission to organize the Sperry Employes' Industrial Association, with an Industrial Council representative of the wage-workers, and a Cabinet composed of seven representatives appointed by the management and seven elected by the Council. The activities of the Association have not been limited to wages; indeed, prevailing opinion in the factory seems to be that wage negotiations have played a minor role. However this may be and disregarding the chronology of wage and other matters of joint consideration, the significant fact is that the actual method of wage-setting finally adopted was a direct result of the joint application of the engineering technique as contrasted with the customary haggling balance of blind forces.

FOR example, the members of one of the craft groups raised the question, Why should we get less money than the men in another division who do no finer work than ours? This led to the larger question as to whether the company could afford a general raise. The books were opened to a committee of workmen who agreed that earnings did not warrant a general increase. Then followed the question as to whether the total money allocated to payroll should be equally divided among all employes. There was no enthusiasm for this suggestion. What then should be the basis of distribution? Each occupation was subjected to a critical analysis which resulted in its segmentation into fifteen parts. A number of executives made independent ratings and then combined their opinions. But they did not promulgate their conclusions as having exclusive authority. Through the Cabinet, the wage-workers were invited to appoint a committee to test the functional validity of the items and to m ake independent ratings. No wonder both groups were "amazed" at the close correspondence between their separate appraisals, item by item and for the occupations as a whole. There was complete agreement on the functional validity of the fifteen items used to appraise the relative values of the occupations, and the weights independently assigned to each item by the two groups corresponded so closely that the composite ratings were promptly accepted by both sides as just. And when this objective method was applied to the examination of existing rates, another surprising fact came to light. Some of the most competent workmen who happened to be of a self-effacing disposition were found to be receiving lower rates than less competent workers who, being of a more self-assertive temperament, "hollered louder." When the analytically determined rating standard took the place of haggling lung-power, a number of the diffident ones received rate increases up to twenty-seven per cent. As in the case of accidents, the result here has been to develop a group-consciousnss with respect to wages and their relation to functional process. And so again the behavior of the machines is discovering to men that integrative unity is the condition of their own harmonious behavior.

EXAMPLES might be multiplied to show how the scientific technique is being applied to the analysis, understanding and democratic control of human behavior as a reflex response to the demands of the machine. I say democratic because all experience proves that the success of the engineering method as applied to such problems as accident-prevention, the regulation of wages and the adjustment of grievances depends upon the intelligent assent of all affected groups and their participation in the development of overall policy. Inside the factory, the patient, experimental application of this method to what are essentially psychological problems is tending to make all the members of the working force process-conscious and so giving them an emerging sense of their individual relationship to the total production process.

But this is an incidental and not the purposive result of the as yet timid and unsystematic application of the scientific technique to the problems of human behavior. Even within this finely administered factory no attempt has been made to get inductively at the psychological laws underlying personnel practice as in the case of the principles of gyroscopic action and to a less degree in the case of the more mechanical side of the art and science of management. Much less has an effort been made toward a scientific appraisal of those outside forces that always impinge on the life of the factory—the technical and business societies and associations to which the company or members of its engineering staff belong, or the trade unions and the organized labor movement upon which its wage-workers should be but are not in a position freely to draw for emotional stimulation and intellectual refreshment if they are to attain that full education defined by John Dewey in the sentence quoted by Henry S. Dennison in the statement at the head of this article.

SOME day industrial executives and labor leaders will see the wisdom of establishing research laboratories for the exploration of human behavior as thoroughly equipped and as adequately financed as technical research laboratories. That, indeed, is the direction in which the executives of the Sperry Gyroscope Company are moving. They disavow any claim to finality with respect to their personnel department, their industrial association, or the progress they have made in integrating personnel administration with production control. They realize that they are only at the beginning of a series of experiments whose permanent worth and general social significance remains to be tested. Their achievement is that they have developed the will to test them in the same rigorously scientific spirit which the machine exacts as a condition of dependable performance.

They have succeeded in overcoming the general taboo, the prevailing inhibitions against applying the engineering, the scientific technique to the appraisal of human behavior. The mind in the machine is breaking out of its iron captivity and leading men to explore the mind in themselves.

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Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

Nicaragua and Mexico

To call Panama an independent sovereign State (in view of its recent Treaty with the United States) is clearly to deprive words of their meaning. . . . How very far the United States, whether of set purpose or by the logic of contiguous interests, has been drawn into Central American affairs is further illustrated by the course of the domestic quarrel in Nicaragua. As Great Britain knows by long experience, and as the United States may soon be willing to admit, "imperialism" is not necessarily the outcome of ambitious greed and aggression. It may be reluctant; it grows easily from the perpetual and almost ubiquitous struggles between order and disorder, and often denotes the triumph of good government. It frequently follows on the defense of legitimate interests; and, once the great Northern Republic has established definite material interests among its less stable neighbors, political intervention is a natural consequence at some time or another. In Nicaragua the United States has potentially the same vital concern as in Panama. . . . It is clear that a very important milestone has been reached in the history of the United States with her southern neighbors of Central and South America.

Editorial in The London Times, December 23, 1926.

THE significance of the United States' policy in Central America is much better understood abroad than here. In Britain and on the Continent, Liberals are discouraged and Imperialists delighted by our Government's recent actions in Panama and Nicaragua. Foreign cynics are enjoying their present opportunity to sneer at the evident contrast between our Government's words and its actions, between its protestations of punctilious regard for small states and the repeated imposition of its will upon its weaker neighbors.

Intervention in Nicaragua is not new. The United States, under both Republican and Democratic administrations have previously maintained military forces for extended periods in that country. Why, then, has the present venture seemed so vastly more significant than the earlier interventions? The answer is three-fold:

1. The ineptness with which it has been handled.
2. Its relations to the United States' controversy with Mexico.
3. The unprecedented outpouring of popular sentiment in this country against it.

From December 23, when Admiral Latimer first landed his bluejackets on Nicaraguan soil, until the appearance of Secretary Kellogg before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on January 12, the explanations given for the Administration's actions by the Secretary of State and the Official Spokesman at the White House, were incomplete and frequently inconsistent with each other. First it was said that the troops were landed solely to protect American lives and property. Later it was announced that the British minister at Managua and the Italian ambassador at Washington had asked the United States to protect their nationals. Repeatedly it was denied that the State Department was taking sides in the internal affairs of Nicaragua. Later it was said that we were intervening to protect the United States' rights to build a canal across Nicaraguan territory and to maintain a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca.

On January 10, President Coolidge summed up the reasons previously given and for the first time mentioned officially the seriousness with which the Administration views Mexico's alleged part in the affair. The President said:

The United States cannot fail to view with deep concern any serious threat to stability and constitutional government in Nicaragua tending toward anarchy and jeopardizing American interests, especially if such state of affairs is contributed to or brought about by outside influence or by any foreign power. . . . As a matter of fact I have the most conclusive evidence that arms and munitions in large quantities have been . . . shipped to the revolutionists in Nicaragua. Boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports and some of the munitions bear evidence of having belonged to the Mexican government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge and in some cases with the encouragement of Mexican officials. . . .

Three days later, on January 13, Secretary of State Kellogg appeared before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and set forth additional reasons that induced President Coolidge to adopt his present policy in Nicaragua. Secretary Kellogg furnished the evidence on which the Administration bases its contention that Bolshevist influence is being used to establish a communist régime in Nicaragua, hostile to the United States. The secretary of state quoted at great length statements from the Third International of the Communist Party and submitted documents which told of the formation of the All-American Anti-Imperialistic League under instructions from Moscow to organize Latin America against the United States. None of the documents, however, directly implicate the present government of Mexico in the anti-American programs quoted by Secretary Kellogg.

Secretary Kellogg's waving of the red flag was interpreted throughout the United States as an effort to create a widespread popular feeling that Mexico was a dangerous center of Bolshevik intrigue against the rights and interests of the United States in Central America. Immediately all of those leaders of opinion and national organizations which for months have been anxiously concerned lest the controversy between the United States and Mexico, in reference to the latter's oil and land legislation, should be permitted to draw the two countries into armed conflict, took issue with the secretary of state. They characterized his memorandum on the Bolshevik danger as an outrageous and dis-

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honorable form of official propaganda, and redoubled their efforts to induce Washington to propose some form of arbitral settlement of the pending differences with Mexico.

The swift accumulation of overwhelming evidence of popular support for this arbitral proposal is illustrative of the increased intelligence and sensitiveness of American public opinion in foreign affairs. Contrast 1927 with 1919. Then the public mind, inflamed with stories of Mexican atrocities, was prepared to believe every slanderous tale about the Mexican government. Now our people remain unmoved by our government's charges that Mexico threatens the confiscation of large American interests. Despite the unfortunate injection of the religious issue, there is no popular sentiment in favor of the use of force. Quite the contrary. The prevailing opinion is undoubtedly fairly represented by the following manifesto, signed by hundreds of prominent men and women in every section of the country and sent to President Coolidge January 19:

> The critical developments between the United States and Mexico threaten to arouse public opinion in both countries until reason and justice yield to armed force.
>
> We believe that the pending issues which concern property rights and the interpretation of international agreements can and ought to be arbitrated. President Calles has informally suggested that possibility.
>
> Our treaty with Mexico provides for arbitration. President Roosevelt referred to the Hague Tribunal an important controversy with Mexico.
>
> We believe that similar procedure now will be universally applauded.

But the irreconcilables in both countries exclaim against arbitration. The Mexicans declare: "Our land and oil legislation are matters of domestic concern. They are indisputably constitutional and are, therefore, not properly a subject for consideration by an international tribunal. It would be inconsistent with Mexico's national honor to arbitrate them." Americans opposed to arbitration are equally emphatic: "A campaign for judicial settlement will only hearten the Mexicans in their determination to confiscate foreign property, a program disastrous to American interests and to the Mexican people themselves."

Fortunately there are signs that the two governments look with favor upon some form of arbitral solution. Official nerves in both capitals, worn raw by the long series of notes written at each other by the two foreign ministers during the past year and further irritated by the recent developments in Nicaragua, have now had a chance to relax a little. At present, an "overt act," which early in January might have led to reprisals and armed conflict, is now likely to be the occasion merely for further diplomatic exchanges. Nonetheless, the governments of these two friendly peoples still need the soothing effect of awakened public opinion which will insist that no matter what the legal differences may be, there must be no resort to force. Under such influence both Mexico City and Washington may be glad to escape from the futile round of recriminations by agreeing upon a judicial settlement.

The Alliance with Panama

IF the treaty recently negotiated with Panama is ratified in both countries, the isthmus state will become in effect a part of the United States for military purposes. The arrangement might be described as an offensive and defensive alliance. But as has been frequently pointed out, an "alliance" between a country of more than a hundred millions and one of less than half a million is more than likely to be one-sided. Accordingly to Article 2, Panama agrees to "consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States may be a belligerent." Moreover, during threatened or actual military operations the United States "shall have direction and control of all military operations in any part" of Panama. In addition, in such contingencies, the United States is to control and operate the wireless communications, aircraft, aviation centers "in all the territory of the Republic of Panama." Finally, the island of Manzanilla at the Atlantic end of the Canal is ceded to the United States.

Our Government's extension of its power in the Caribbean has always awakened grave suspicions in Latin America. But the criticisms of this "alliance" with Panama have re-echoed far beyond Latin America. Many members of the League of Nations are pointing to the inconsistency between this Treaty and Panama's obligations under the Covenant. Article 2 of the Treaty cannot be reconciled with Articles 11 and 16 of the Covenant, which require Panama to submit any disputes that are "likely to lead to a rupture" to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council of the League of Nations, and in no case may she resort to war until sufficient time has elapsed for an award to be rendered. Evidently, therefore, some of Panama's most significant League obligations will be scrapped if the Treaty becomes effective. It is pertinent to inquire whether our Government intended such a result.

This query emphasizes anew the anomalous situation of the Central and South American States in the League. So long as our Government reserves exclusively to itself the right to interpret the Monroe Doctrine, the League will never feel free to offer its mediation in a difficulty between two South or Central American States. Every enlargement, therefore, of the United States' hegemony on this hemisphere weakens the effectiveness of the League of Nations as a world organization.

Change of Policy Toward China

AS usual, the newspaper headlines continue to hide the significant developments in China's relations with the powers. Much more important than the inflammatory account of "red" riots in Hankow and threats to the lives and property of foreigners are the indications of radical changes of policy by three of the Great Powers. On Christmas Day, Great Britain made public copies of official documents, seeking to show that for the past six months it had sought for a constructive policy. It frankly recognized that substantial concessions must be made to the Nationalist Party (the Kuomintang) and that further attempts to force upon China increased foreign control can only end in disaster. It proposed that the governments signatory to the Washington Treaty of 1922 be urged jointly to declare their readiness to negotiate revision of the earlier treaties and of other outstanding questions as soon as the Chinese have set up an authoritative government. As an immediate measure the Chinese should be authorized to levy unconditionally throughout China the Washington Conference scale of surtaxes (12 per cent on imports, 7½ per cent on exports). Britain had joined the other foreign governments in protesting against the action of the Cantonese in levying these additional taxes on their own initiative, in defiance of

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the treaties, only with much reluctance and merely to maintain solidarity with the other powers.

Then addressing the United States, the British said:

A policy involving increase of foreign control and capable of being regarded as an encroachment on that sovereignty and independence of China which the powers agreed at Washington to respect is so fundamentally opposed to the traditional policy of the United States towards China that His Majesty's Government are disposed to believe that the State Department will share their anxiety on this subject.

The State Department has not yet indicated what its response to the British appeal will be. However, Congressman Porter introduced into the House of Representatives on January 4 a resolution much more far-reaching than anything proposed in the British memoranda. The program outlined by the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee follows so closely that advocated by the more liberal missionary and other American interests in China, and is so statesmanlike in its uncompromising break with the past that it deserves careful study. The text follows:

That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, respectfully requested forthwith to enter into negotiations with the duly accredited agents of the Government of China, authorized to speak for the entire people of China, with a view to the negotiation and the drafting of a treaty or of treaties between the United States of America and the Republic of China which shall take the place of the treaties now in force between the two countries, which provide for the exercise in China of American extraterritorial or jurisdictional rights or limit her full autonomy with reference to the levying of customs, dues or other taxes, or of such other treaty provisions as may be found to be unequal or non-reciprocal in character, to the end that, henceforth, the treaty relations between the two countries shall be upon a wholly equal and reciprocal basis, and will be such as will in no way offend the sovereign dignity of either of the parties or place obstacles in the way of realization by either of them in their several national aspirations or the maintenance by them of their several legitimate domestic policies.

Japan, despite general impressions to the contrary, is probably not unsympathetic with the Porter proposals. The following extract from a private memorandum by an unusually well-informed student of Chinese affairs, throws a revealing light on Japanese policy:

On October 20, 1926, began the six months' period of notice for the revision of the Sino-Japanese Treaty [signed shortly after the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-5]. In response to China's inquiry, the Japanese announced that they were ready to negotiate a new treaty. They intimated, however, that the negotiations should cover only commercial matters and should not take up the question of extraterritoriality.

From my conversations with official and unofficial Japanese in Peking and Tokyo, however, I have gained the distinct impression that the Japanese authorities, at least in the Foreign Office, are seriously contemplating the advisability of negotiating a new treaty or treaties which would amount to a complete readjustment of the Chinese-Japanese relations. A very large part of Japan's industry rests on the sale of cheap cotton goods to China; another very large part depends upon the securing from China of large supplies of coal and iron at low rates. It is quite possible that in return for a special tariff treaty which would give Japan a guarantee of low tariff rates on cotton goods moving into China and in return for some arrangements whereby Japan could secure coal and iron from China, Japan would be ready to surrender extraterritoriality and perhaps even agree to the reduction of certain of her special privileges in Manchuria. It is even possible that with guarantees of special tariff favors from China, Japan would be ready to write off the Nishihara loans, which amount to somewhere in the neighborhood of $100,000,000 in gold.

Aside from the advantage of securing the market for her cheap cotton goods and securing supplies of coal and iron, the surrender of extraterritoriality and the cancellation of these Nishihara loans would be of tremendous value to Japan in winning Chinese good-will. One prominent Japanese banker told me that he thought the good-will value of the surrender of the Nishihara loans would be worth considerably more to Japan in the very near future than the cash involved, even assuming that China would be able to repay those loans immediately.

Special treaty arrangements of this sort with China would, of course, involve a break in the unity of the powers in dealing with China, particularly on the questions of the Chinese tariff and extraterritoriality. Japan does not want such a break at this time. . . . There is little doubt that the Japanese leaders would welcome enthusiastically a move by the United States towards independent negotiations with China looking toward a new set of treaties, as this would give Japan the opportunity to follow America's lead in taking action without bearing the onus of apparently trying to get an advantage over the other powers.

Council of the League of Nations

MOST of the major European developments during recent weeks have been encouraging. The forty-third session of the Council of the League of Nations was notable for its preparation of the ground for the compromise between France and Germany on the irritating question of disarmament control in the Reich. Immediately following the adjournment of the Council the signatories of the Locarno Treaties agreed on a plan by which the allied control to which Germans of all parties vehemently objected would be transferred to the League of Nations. So equitable is the new arrangement that both Paris and Berlin joined in praising it. The only remaining question of importance between France and Germany, that of the withdrawal of the allied troops from the Rhineland, has likewise now been set on the way towards solution.

In the meantime the second annual report of the agent-general, S. Parker Gilbert, shows conclusively that the Dawes plan is working fully as much to Germany's advantage as it is to that of the allies. Indeed, a very eminent economist, friendly to Germany, said to the writer the other day, "The Germans are only beginning to realize how much of a safeguard to their fundamental interests the Dawes plan is."

More surprising than these favorable developments within Germany and in her relation to France was the signature in Rome, December 9, of the Italian-German treaty of arbitration. Under its terms, all disputes which diplomacy fails to solve are to be referred to one or the other forms of peaceful adjustment. Though the text is not yet available, this treaty is similar to those already existing between Italy and Switzerland and between Germany and Switzerland which provided for the compulsory settlement of all disputes between the signatories. It marks a long advance over the relations which existed between Germany and Italy only a year ago when Mussolini was fulminating at Berlin and the German statesmen were retaliating by charging the Italian Government with violations and oppression of German-speaking minorities in the South Tyrol.

The same, however, cannot be said of the treaty signed a few weeks earlier by Italy with Albania. Nominally this agreement is merely another of the arbitration and conciliation treaties, but Jugoslavia and others of the Italian neighbors fear that it in effect establishes an Italian protectorate over Albania. If this should prove to be the fact, then Italy's extension of power may have disquieting reactions later.

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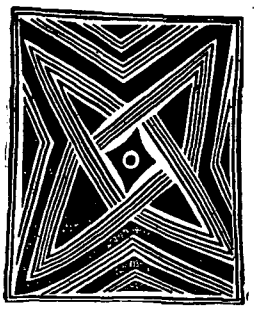

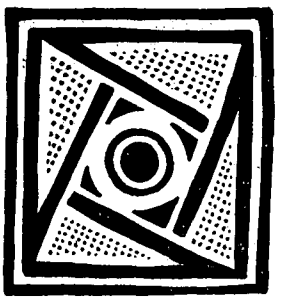

Congo dance mask

Art Lessons from the Congo

By ALAIN LOCKE

EXCEPT for the few who are familiar with the profound influence of African art on contemporary modernist masters, painters like Matisse, Cezanne, Picasso, sculptors like Lipcitz and Brancusi, art lessons from such a primitive source as this seem ludricrous. But further even than an already mature influence upon the practical technique of modern art, the African craftsmen through their work bring a rich message in fundamental art-values and art theory; reenforcement in fact for some of our most needed revaluations of art in relation to life. Most of us today will concede the superiority and desirability of an art that is native, healthy, useful as well as ornamental, and integral with life, as contrasted with an art that is artificial, borrowed, non-utilitarian, and the exclusive product and possession of cliques and coteries. We have discovered that to capitalize Art, we have robbed it of some of its basic values and devitalized its tap-roots in the crafts. So, an astonishing demonstration of vital art values from the unexpected source of the folk crafts of Congo tribesmen, flowering up from the soil to the plane of beautiful fine art, is not only a thrilling find for the art explorer and museum callector, but a fine text for the art reformer and an inspiration for the new art. In skill of ornamentation and design, in respect for the propriety of materials, in achievement of effect with the utmost simplicity of technique and tools, in directness and power of appeal, this art of the Negroes is exceptional. Ruskin would have delighted to add the force of these examples to the art sermons he drew from the Greek and Gothic; and twentieth century civilization, though disintegrating it unfortunately in its homeland, can perpetuate it by taking advantage of its open contribution.

The examples of Negro craftsmanship here presented are from the Blondiau-Theatre Arts Collection of primitive Congo art, recently acquired from a Belgian private collector, which is to be exhibited in New York beginning February 7th at the galleries of The New Art Circle. This is a collection representative of Congo work in all the native crafts, especially strong in those of the most artistic of the Bushongo peoples, the Bakuba, Baluba tribes and the Kasai, brought to America primarily as an educational art project. Beyond the aim of supplementing our none too ample museum resources of specimens of this important branch of human art expression, there is the hope of conveying its theoretical but practical art message—the importance of beauty in the ordinary. American art, especially with the current revival of interest in the decorative and craft arts, needs this message, and can profit from it. Then too, there is the interesting fact that in importing African art to America we are bringing over the cultural baggage of the American Negro that was crowded out of the slave-ship.

The finer sides of African life and culture have suffered unduly through having been too long the contraband of the slave-trade and the taboo of the mis-apprehending missionaries. African art for the moment has a very special role to play in the rehabilitation of Africa in general esteem and opinion. More important still it has a very vital mission as a recovered and reinterpreted racial heritage, of stimulating and inspiring the expression of the artistic genius of the American Negro, particularly in the arts of his ancestors. It seems certain, that at a stage of his development that is noteworthy for the initiation of a cultural program, the Negro of today will accept and benefit from this powerful lesson from his own past. Just as it is also to be hoped that America at large will accept in a fine spirit of reciprocity this and any other cultural lesson from a land where some of the initial steps of human culture were taken, and where, in spite of present backwardness, some significant culture goods have been produced and advanced.

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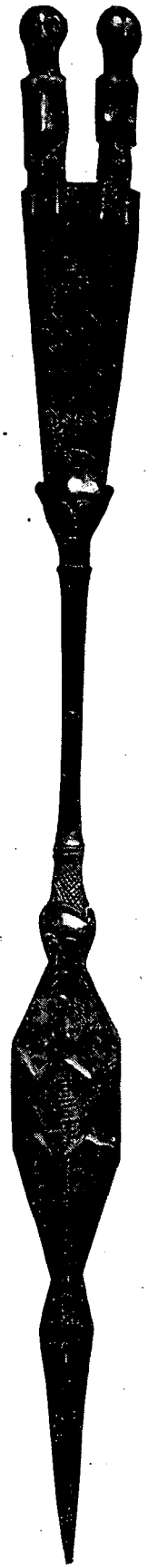
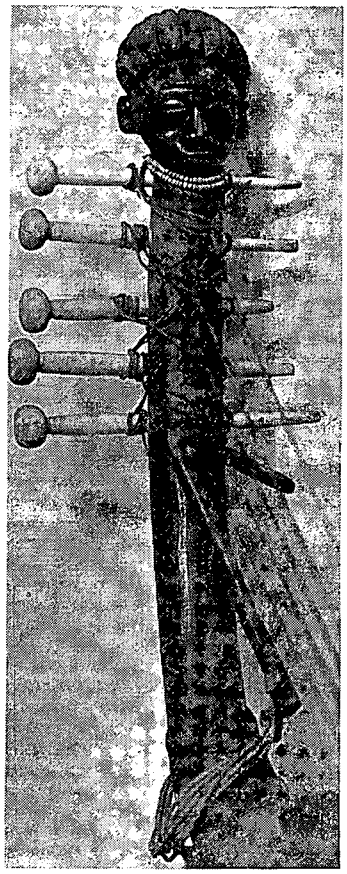
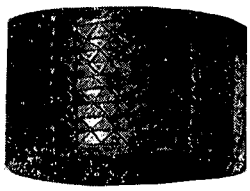
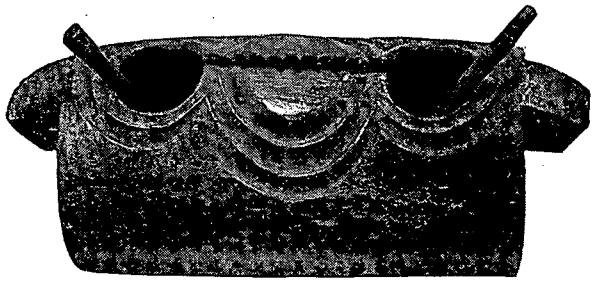
Congo Art Craft



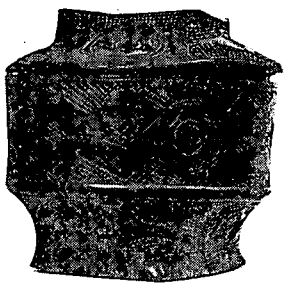




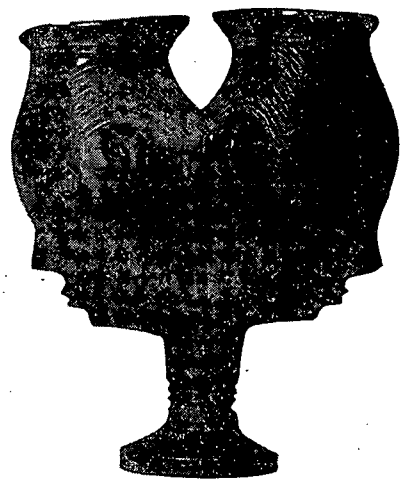
Africa's art creed—Beauty in use—Chief's stool—a one-piece carving, armlet of chiseled brass, one of the famous Bakuba bowls



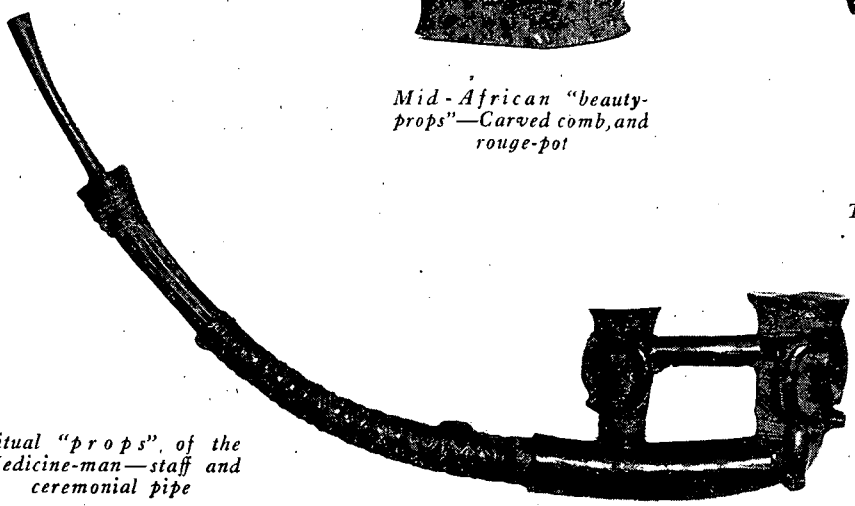
Neck of an African lute, and Kasai double tom-tom



Mid-African "beauty-props"—Carved comb, and rouge-pot



Twin Ceremonial Cup (Busongo)



Ritual "props", of the Medicine-man—staff and ceremonial pipe

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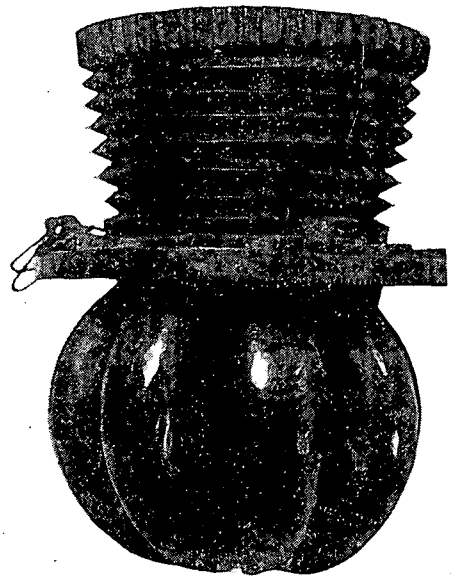
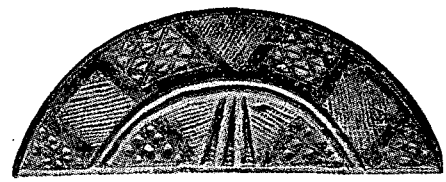
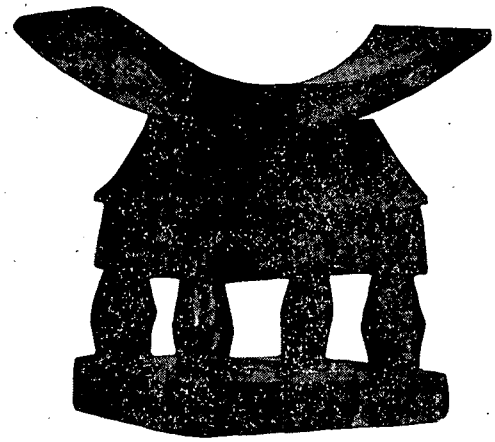
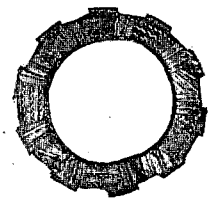




A grinding-mortar, jewel-box, neck ring, and carved head-rest show great beauty in ordinary things. The native crafts exhibit exceptional skill of technique and design in all mediums—wood, ivory and horn carving, metal-work, weaving and pottery





A Bakuba Chief's outfit—libation cup, ivory talisman, a scepter, wand of office

Carved buffalo drinking-horn

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Old Waterways of America

OLD TOWPATHS, *by Alvin F. Harlow. Appleton. 403 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATIN', *by Herbert and Edward Quick. 342 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

I HAVE been inland voyaging—on the Mississippi steamboats with Herbert Quick, on the canal of 1830 with Alvin Harlow. I have sailed back to the very headwaters of American history and discovered a gracious time when the speed limit was four miles an hour! The trotting horses of the canal-packets could go no faster without washing out the banks by the waves. I prescribe these volumes for you who are weary of a restless and perfected age. I believe they would make mighty good reading in any course in Americanism. Here are instruction and reminiscence and humor and romance all compact. Here is something to make you proud of the old America when men and mules were mules, and both dug ditches that created an empire. Mr. Harlow believes the Erie Canal was a greater deed for that day than the Panama Canal for ours.

We have simply forgotten what the canals did to these United States; and the civic courage that inspired a young and poor nation to begin digging hundreds of miles of narrow waterways to get cheap transportation. The money and labor spent were prodigious. The states went into debt to help, and sanctioned vast lotteries on which Mr. Harlow has a startling and amusing chapter. We had no engineers so we created them out of surveyors and plain mechanics. They invented machines to pull stumps and dig with (no steam-shovels then!) They perfected huge locks; they carried canals across rivers in aqueducts; they went under mountains in tunnels, only 600 feet, but what a job; or they built a railroad to haul boats across the Alleghenies as on the main Pennsylvania canal. They did most of it by hand and discovered their cement in the hills as they dug. Nicholas Roosevelt, grand uncle of the President, and his young wife, took the first steamboat down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, with a baby born on the trip, and when they were not awaked by Indians looking for whiskey, they dug coal out of the very banks of the river to finish the trip. Epic is the only word—as it was for the trek of the Covered Wagon.

The Erie made money, and the hard coal canals, and a few others. But most of them scarcely paid for the repair of their incessantly ravaged banks, much less paid any dividends. But they were worth every cent spent, says Mr. Harlow, for wherever they went cities sprang up, trade flourished, new settlers came in, and the nation was built. Swiss and Germans loaded themselves on boats and went singing into the West. Corn jumped from twelve to fifty cents a bushel and came marching down to the sea—and from the coast went back the manufactures that spelled easier living. The Erie made New York our greatest seaport; it passed New Orleans in exports about 1840.

The steamboat worked similar miracles and was a grander, more colorful thing—though not so peaceful, as the grim toll of snag wrecks and boiler explosions testifies. You couldn't drown in a canal. You just jumped on to land. It was much like going to sea on the front porch. You must read the book to get the charm of such travel and learn how Charles Dickens slept in his fourteen-inch bunk. The Mississippi soon developed a speed that is still fast travelling for water, and a race of pilots who could steer a boat across a heavy dew. In the flush years before the War and the railroads killed their trade, they got five hundred to a thousand dollars a month—and all found! Then Mr. Quick tells some racy tales of the soft-spoken, derringer-laden gamblers. Next the races, when the Robert E. Lee panted to beat the Natchez to the landing and get the freight—and the glory. They fed the fires with resin (once with hogsheads of lard donated by an excited lady passenger) and put a cask of whiskey on the fo'castle for the firemen, and they weighted down the safety-valve with anvils, and sometimes they got there, and sometimes they blew up—but it was a grand time.

Well, then came the railroads, and both authors agree what ruined our waterways was speed mania. We wanted to go faster and faster, and we could not bother with waterways even for freight. River and canal were still, and can be still, incomparable for certain kinds of traffic—but not when the people are crazy for speed. Yet both believe that the fostering hand of government can restore some of the usefulness of the old waterways, though never the charm and grace the record of which makes

A driver and team of 1860

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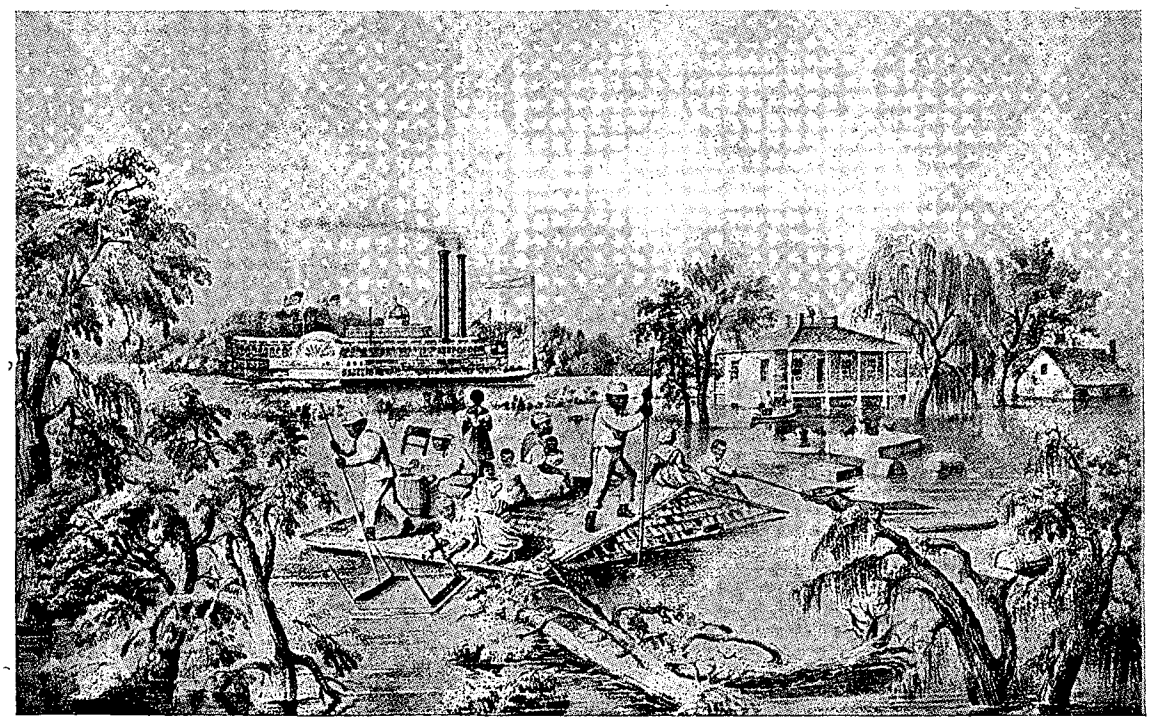

High water on the Mississippi, from an old Currier and Ives print used as an illustration for Mississippi Steamboatin', Henry Holt & Co.

these tales so fascinating. Here is matter for pride and for literature and art. Why should we go to the Volga and Holland for romance and the picturesque, even the heroic, when we can find in our history, the Erie canal-boat and the Mississippi packet? L. W.

The Negro and Tragedy

ENDS shape themselves in this America, somehow. Consider the rather miraculous presentation of In Abraham's Bosom at the Provincetown Playhouse, New York. The play is a tragedy of Negro life in the coastal plain of Carolina. But it was written by Paul Green, southern born and white, and now instructor in philosophy at the University of North Carolina. It is produced by an experimental theater that grew out of Greenwich Village, and is housed in a one-time barn on MacDougal Street. The actors are mostly urban Negroes from Harlem. The audience is a motley of curiosity-seekers, intelligenzia, and modern folk who are discontent with Broadway. The union of these diverse forces tells a plain tale of dramatic striving and the inter-play of generous tolerances that cheers the lover of truth in drama. Art will find a way.

The play is worthy of its sources. Here is unique character faced with life at its harshest and ending in stark tragedy. The seven scenes in turpentine woods and bare cabins tell the Odyssey of a Negro soul, born of old Colonel McCranie's lustful hour, lit by some strange flame of aspiration to learn and to help his race. Abraham is defeated—his school broken up, his son who was to pass on the flame become a singing wastrel, his people ready to "sleep their lives away," his wife who drudges that he may dream, bent and broken before her time. But his soul is never defeated even when he falls dead in his own house under the fire of a mob for seeking freedom for the Negro's spirit. And the wailing grief of the faithful Goldie is echoed in the hearts of the audience that has suffered a true katharsis. It is bitter. Paul Green does not truckle with happy endings. "Those in search of happier and more cheerful records may find them elsewhere," he says.

Paul Green is no sentimentalist: he knows too much about the sufferings of these Negroes. He lived in his material, and did not come upon it as the *entrepreneur* of a fad. He has no taint of minstrel farce or cabaret diablerie in his work. His end is truth, plus a symbolism that will make his records larger than the chance passengers in whom his drama finds human shape. This symbolism is the reconciliation of his own poet's soul with his brutal knowledge, and sometimes, I think, lessens the solemn poignancy of his realism. He is clearer and more piercing when he shows us the hunger, sufferings, fear of the plain field-hand, struggling out of the jungle heritage, surrounded by the alien (though sometimes pitying) whites. There are more moving bitternesses in some of the plays collected in the volume, Lonesome Road. For Abraham's is not the typical tragedy of just being a Negro: it is that of the eternal dreamer. My own tears well freest over the unremediable woe of The Hot Iron—the somberest and truest picture of Negro life I ever read. I feel the jungle most, strangely enough, in The Prayer Meeting; and in The End of The Row understand the elemental poetry of the field worker, and the elemental sex in black and white.

The Negro actors give the play a kind of truth that none other could give, and at moments transcend the limitations of the tiny stage, poor scenery, and mistimed direction. Rose McClendon paints the long-suffering wife, Goldie, with restraint and dumb melancholy. Julius Bledsoe gives Abraham a kind of blundering dignity that convinces in the quiet moments. But in the lyric crescendos he is monotonous and noisy. Negroes do fill the air with lamentation or laughter, but their outbursts are not noisy, rather full of resonance and cadence. I do not know why they should translate these to the stage in terms of dithyrambic ululation. I wonder whether we do not need a school for Negro

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actors if they are to represent the race in drama. Acting is after all a very great art, and needs mastering. It is rarely enough to be one's self.

What a northern audience will learn from Paul Green's plays is hard to say. They may not appreciate the loving and unafraid scrutiny of life he offers. They do not know Negroes, and their eyes have been clouded with minstrel shows, and buffoonery, and Mammy songs, and Lulu Belles, and old Uncles and gentle Marsters until they laugh at the wrong things and become lachrymose when there is no need. You have to know the Negro in the South to grasp the essence of these tragedies. But art is the great interpreter. Paul Green is an artist. His plays will prove messengers of truth and conciliation.

LEON WHIPPLE

LONESOME ROAD, *by Paul Green. McBride. 217 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

The Daemon of Fremont Older

THIS book is not, as Fremont Older thinks, his own story. It is the story of his daemon, the name the Greeks gave the possessing and tyrannic spirit within a man. This daemon took hold of the brilliant and ambitious new editor of the San Francisco Bulletin in 1895, looking for "live" stories on which to build up a dying circulation, put him on the side of the angels in a campaign for a reform mayor, and made him for some two decades the scourge of graft and corruption. There came on him that strange metamorphosis that overtook all the best of his time—Lincoln Steffens, Brand Whitlock, William Allen White, Fred Howe, Jane Addams—and so he says mildly: "I began to feel a disinterested enthusiasm for decent government and a genuine hatred of graft." Whence came that divine afflatus just as the century turned? And whither has it gone? The historian who does not recognize that this noble challenge to help one's fellow men was in the air and gave birth to a real crusade will never understand those decades —nor Fremont Older's story. His daemon belonged to a brotherhood. His book is a companion piece to Whitlock's Forty Years, and Howe's Confessions of a Reformer. But the ending is different. As William Allen White writes in his Introduction, that is itself a bit of sad yet lovely eulogy on the labors of the now weary band:

> Older is one of those who still follow the light, even the will-o'-the-wisp of hope for mankind's progress in a day of disillusion. He has written a strong story, a beautiful story, a faith-renewing story to be published for a wicked and stiff-necked generation. Heaven knows we need it! We have gone mad with the belief that man is motor and that there is no wise governance under the stars.

Bill White has his daemon too, you know.

From the book jacket of My Own Story by Fremont Older, Macmillan

Older's story is the tale of how his little band fought to break up the gang of political crooks and profiteers in public utilities—an old story. In it as in the memoirs of Steffens and Howe we can learn how to fight corruption if ever the vision comes back to us and we breed another cleansing generation. The manuals for a campaign against Teapot Dome are ready—when the spirit moves. The battle resolved itself into a bitter struggle to put Abe Ruef, chief grafts-man; into jail. Spreckels enlisted with his money, and Francis Heney with his courage and wit as unpaid prosecutor, and William J. Burns lent his "under cover" men. One wonders, looking back, was it not through Burns that worldliness crept into the crusade. Older confesses: "We had to get down once or twice to Ruef's own level to prove him guilty." At all events, they "got Ruef," and put him in San Quentin prison, but not until Heney had been shot in open court and made deaf for life in one ear, and dynamite and assassination had played tragic roles, and Older had been ostracized by the Bohemian Club and finally kidnapped and hurried across California, part way in an automobile with a gun in his ribs. This is the meat of the tale, vivid, thrilling, proof enough of Older's vision and courage. But they never got the higher-ups though God knows they tried to pierce the barriers of power and social caste; and they did not destroy "the System" though they loosed the railroads' grip on California.

A Morris Canal captain of 1860, an illustration for Old Towpaths, Appleton

Then Older's daemon twisted him right-about. Ruef in jail seemed a pitiful triumph. That changed nothing! "Other men equally guilty were walking abroad in the light of day. . . . We had not ceased to flatter and fawn upon the man who had money." The reformer reforms and begins a dogged fight to get Ruef out of jail and finds himself a bit unpopular with other reformers who did not want any flaws found in their glorious (and self-glorying) crusade. He got Ruef paroled but only after he had served over five years. Ruef came back to San Francisco and went into the real estate business, making, as Mr. Older thinks, a good-sized fortune. It is fortunate that daemons are too one-eyed to see irony else the spectacle of Ruef, the realtor, as the final product of these pains might give pause.

Ruef got out of prison sooner than Older did for the latter met there Donald Lowrie who wrote for the Bulletin, My Life In Prison. The rest of the story is of Older's work to reclaim prisoners, to better prison conditions, and his effort to show by printing all sorts of "true confessions" what it is that makes people bad. There was the serial tale of Sam Leake, drunkard, reformed by Christian Science; the life story of a prostitute; and the candid record of Jack Black, yegg, reviewed in these columns last fall. Older's daemon drove him to interpret the underworld to the upper. He organized a bureau to help reclaim prisoners, and he and his wife opened their ranch as a harbor for the down-and-out. He has come to believe that you cannot punish

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that you cannot punish anybody into righteousness. He has abandoned crusading and become a good Samaritan.

His conclusions are hard-earned and reliable. He thought for long that environment, drunken parents or poverty had caused criminals just to drop out of line. Now he is undecided: "They are in some way different from the rest of us. They see life at a different angle. Until we understand we must be patient." Of the graft struggle, he says: "If our intensive activities through the years accomplished any good permanent good, I have not been able to discover it. Possibly they may have rendered public officials a little more cautious, but I am not sure. . . ." The daemon in Older won no victory over erring humans or vicious system, but Older won for himself two victories—humbleness and charity. He ends: "I do not blame any one for anything. . . . I may yet be able to pass what I consider the supreme test—*tolerance for the intolerant.*"

LEON WHIPPLE

MY OWN STORY, *by Fremont Older. Macmillan. 340 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Mumford vs. Dewey et al

IN this new book Mr. Mumford has done two things: he has brought through to date an adventure in American criticism that he began in his admirable Sticks and Stones; and he has shown himself to be much less at home in the field of philosophy than in the fields of architecture and the material cultures. Positively, he has demonstrated that America is not what its fondest citizens advertise it to be: he shows us in what seas of mushy sentimentalism our chambers of commerce, our patriotic societies, our rotary clubs and our national educational associations wallow. It would be worth a good deal to the saner America of the improbable future if the publishers of this book could induce a million of our leading sentimentalists to read it.

The experiment might, however, not have a happy ending in the long run, for there is a major defect in the criticism. The author is most at home in dealing with "the golden day," of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman. Here are masterful penetrations and generalizations. None the less, it is in this very "golden day" that Mr. Mumford comes upon a distraction that proves to be a false clue which eventually leads him, as it seems to this reviewer, far astray. That false clue emerges in Melville. Melville wrote a gorgeous Fable of Life, the story of Moby Dick, the White Whale. Men follow the whale, hoping to capture it with their little harpoons and slight ropes; some think they have succeeded; but just at the last moment always, with a flick of its tail, the whale swamps the boats of its pursuers, and goes on about its cosmic business making no more of men than it would of so many gnats. This is the tragedy of man the insignificant, in battle to the death with Moby Dick, the Whale Magnificent!

Now, that final flick of Moby Dick's tail seems to have become a sort of obsession to a group of modern critics. It has all but established a cult of Melville. These critics, including Mr. Mumford, have in a sense appealed from modern industrial civilization, which has made of nature a cruel, crushing mechanism, back to that nature which resides in Moby Dick's tail, which if it is in the end no less crushing, is at least more nobly cruel, more cosmic, doing its stuff with a sort of universal gesture. "The White Whale," says Mr. Mumford, "is the external force of Nature and Destiny. In the end it conquers: it must conquer: until the spirit of man is itself Leviathan, and can meet its antagonist on even terms."

How can the spirit of man rise to this challenge of the White Whale? At least three methods have been proposed. Certain of our moralists urge us to *will* ourselves into this cosmic breadth and power. A second proposal is that of science, which holds that by intelligent investigation, man can learn the secrets of "external destiny," and can then turn against Moby Dick, not a simple harpoon and a bit of twine, but the forged thunderbolts of Great Zeus himself. And a third way, that of Mr. Mumford and his fellow critics, seems to hold that what men need is to build up within themselves an ideal world which will take the place of the world of Moby Dick: "Men are sustained in faith and work not by what they find in the universe, but by what they build there."

So, idealizing existence, Mr. Mumford finds it possible to make a curiously motivated attack upon William James and John Dewey. His quarrel with them seems to be that they hold that an inquiring mind may be as useful as an idealizing mind. Of course, neither James nor Dewey wants all men to be inquirers: they both find room in the world for artists, critics, and idealizers, as well as for investigators. But our critics and artists seem to grow increasingly enraged that any man, with the intelligence of a James or a Dewey, should use that intelligence to justify investigation, when they might have used it to extol idealization. Control of nature through inquiry and understanding implies, to them, acceptance of ranges of fact which can be turned to industrialism and to the exploits of the cruel, crushing mechanisms of the modern scene; and acceptance of those facts implies, they seem to hold, "pragmatic acquiescence," in all the evils of industrialism. That is to say, because James and Dewey find science an acceptable instrument, they are to be accused of having "acquiesced" in all the sordid ugliness and degradations of the modern world. This sort of reasoning seems not quite critical: it is of that primitive sort which men are likely to indulge in when they are mentally overwhelmed with the cosmic significance of a whale's tale.

None the less, in spite of a few abberrations of this sort, this book will prove enormously stimulating to all who will read it with the critical mind, and this even a critic cannot hope to escape.

J. K. HART

THE GOLDEN DAY, *by Lewis Mumford. 283 pp. Boni and Liveright. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

The Uses of History

THE study of history is the most dangerous of intellectual pursuits. It is the chief means by which the past is made to exercise its fatal hold over our loyalties. By dwelling on the greatness of our ancestors, the magnitude of their deeds, and the nobility of their thoughts, we are easily led to imitate their folly and reverence their ignorance. Even when we recognize ourselves all the more complacently on our present achievements. In the great experiment of popular education, history has been used to perpetuate old animosities and prejudices, to inculcate respect for outworn ideas and institutions, to bolster up traditional beliefs in religion, economics, and politics. In the three great enterprises that have created our modern world, the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century, the political revolutions of (*Continued on page* 599)

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Arbitrate with Mexico

Proposal signed by a group of over one hundred leading university men in the fields of international relations and law

WE, the undersigned, believe that the United States government should resort to arbitration to settle the dispute with the Mexican government over the effect of the recent oil and land laws of Mexico on the property rights of American citizens. This dispute threatens the friendly relations which should continue to exist between the two neighboring peoples. President Calles has already stated that Mexico is willing to submit the Mexican-American controversy over the alien land and oil laws to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. Such a course would be clearly in accord with the treaty of Guadelupe-Hidalgo and of the Convention of the Hague. It is compatible with the nature of the difference since at the root of the difficulty lies a clearly justiciable question—that of the infringement of the property rights of American citizens by the application of the Mexican land and oil laws.

THE United States has ever been foremost in urging upon other nations the peaceful settlement of justiciable disputes between governments nor has our government failed to put the principle into practice. We have a long record of threatening disputes settled by the justiciable methods. The arbitrations under the Jay treaty with Great Britain began a new era in the history of the progress of mankind toward peace through justice in which our country has been a leader. "We have been the apostle of arbitration. We have been urging it upon the other civilized nations. Presidents, secretaries of state, ambassadors, and ministers—aye, Congresses, the Senate and the House, all branches of our Government have committed the United States to the principle of arbitration irrevocably, unequivocally, and we have urged it in season and out of season on the rest of mankind." (Quoted from address of Elihu Root on Panama Canal Tolls, in Senate January 21, 1913.)

Our relations with Mexico contain ample evidence of our faith in the settlement of disputes by law. The two countries provided in 1848 in article 27 of the treaty of Guadelupe-Hidalgo:

> If unhappily any disagreement should hereafter arise between the Governments of the two republics, . . . with respect to any particular concerning the political or commercial relations of the two nations, the said Governments, in the name of those nations, do promise to each other that they will endeavor, in the most sincere and earnest manner, to settle the differences so arising, and to preserve the state of peace and friendship in which the two countries are now placing themselves, using, for this end, mutual representations and pacific negotiations. And if, by these means, they should not be enabled to come to an agreement, a resort shall not, on this account, be had to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind, by the one republic against the other until the Government of that which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered, in the spirit of peace and good neighborship whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party, it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference, or the circumstances of the case.

Furthermore, both nations are signatories to the Hague Convention for Pacific settlement of International Disputes wherein they declare that:

> In questions of a legal nature, and especially in the interpretation or application of International Conventions, arbitration is recognized by the Contracting Powers as the most effective, and, at the same time, the most equitable means of settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to settle.
>
> Consequently, it would be desirable that, in disputes about the above mentioned questions, the Contracting Powers should, if the case arose, have recourse to arbitration, in so far as circumstances permit. (Article XXXVLII)

The two countries have in the past applied both the principles of the treaty of Guadelupe-Hidalgo and of the Hague Convention to disputes arising between them. It was on the motion of President Roosevelt that the United States and Mexican Governments brought before the newly created Permanent Court of International Arbitration its first case, the differences which had arisen in respect to the Pius Fund of the Californias.

Then the United States government strikingly affirmed to a doubting world its continued confidence in the judicial settlement of disputes between nations and maintained the leadership in the formation of a world organized for peace rather than for war. At the present time an international tribunal under the convention of September 8, 1923, is functioning, before which certain claims of citizens of each country against the other are being determined.

IF the property rights of American citizens are impaired by the application of the new oil and land laws of Mexico, and if their claims are included in the convention in force, then the United States has already agreed upon a method by which they should be adjudicated. If not, then the precedents of nearly a century of peaceful intercourse with our Spanish-American neighbors should be followed and either the machinery provided by the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague be used as it was in the Pius Fund case, or a special arbitration tribunal set up.

The questions at issue are appropriate for settlement by the judicial method. Protracted delay is dangerous. The property questions which are at the base of the differences may become obscured; the issue may become one of national pride and sentiment; feeling may be aroused which will make impossible the judicial settlement now practicable.

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EDITORIALS

AT Thanksgiving time there were experienced newspaper men in Washington who told you confidentially that the skids were all set for war with Mexico; they said it was to come off in February. At the time their unpublished forecasts seemed fantastic. The land and oil dispute still dragged, but that had long been with us; there had come the grave clash between the Calles government and the church, but that was a domestic issue; and in spite of the turmoil and friction of an epoch of transition, there was reason to hope that foreign investors and religious institutions would ultimately strike a new and tolerable balance with the new nationalism in Latin-America and the forces of racial revival and agrarian reform underlying it. There was no indication last fall that the American people were champing at the bit for intervention. More than once since Diaz was overthrown and the old order in Mexico shattered, we had turned the corner of critical situations; if we moved toward war now it would have to be either by collusion or by blunder.

The moves came so swiftly that the average man is still in doubt as to how much was intention, how much blunder. Certain it is that what was fantastic at Thanksgiving time had by mid-January reached the point where, for example, two great metropolitan newspapers in New York, The World and The Times, were beating the gongs of vigilance and telling their readers that unless there were a stiff show of public sentiment to the contrary we should be at war before we knew it.

We had been told in high places that Moscow, working through Mexico City, was plotting in Central America against us. One of the most encouraging aspects of the swiftly moving situation was that this belief did not spread. Newspaper editors, senators, congressmen, citizens generally failed to bite. In contrast, what spread and spread with surprising rapidity, was the counter apprehension that the Nicaraguan issue was seized upon merely as the runner-up for the larger issue of our relations with the Republic of Mexico. If the war-fever took, in our dealings with the little Central American power, it would involve everything north of the Canal. The malaria must be scotched in the mosquito of armed intervention in Nicaragua if it was not to infect other hosts.

THEREIN lay the danger, but therein lay also the fortunate fact that here was a manageable issue; that we turned on the lights in going after the mosquito. The President's request that the American newspapers back up our foreign policy unsight and unseen fell flat and raised the question, What foreign policy? The enterprise of Assistant-secretary Olds in getting the Associated Press to send out a tale of Bolshevik hegemony was exposed by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mr. Kellogg's anti-Bolshevik pamphlet was riddled, his misuse of the Evart's precedent laid bare, his suppression of documents in ways which distorted his evidence made clear.

Senator Borah, Senator Wheeler and others showed up the inconsistencies of our partisan intrigues in Nicaragua. So much so that, as this issue goes to press, nothing is clearer than that the American public knows there are alternatives to the use of force in our dealings with that state, and knows it wants them employed. We can hold that the United States should espouse the just rights of its citizens and seek their protection without underwriting all the claims of our speculative investors overseas, without considering attacks on our incipient imperialism as attacks on the people of the U. S. A., without swallowing whole the very sort of propaganda which, whenever strong nations come in contact with weaker peoples, are proverbially offered as a cover for setting up as prosecuting attorney, judge and executioner combined.

WHETHER we got into the mess through design or blunder, we are indebted to the unbelievable ineptitudes of the secretary of state for giving the American public this emergent short course in Latin-American relations. The first lesson is that the Nicaraguan situation and the Mexican land laws are two separate questions which should be taken up on their merits. The attempt made by the State Department to connect the two came after the fact and seems to have been made either to bolster up its questionable moves in Nicaragua or to execute a flank attack in its stalemate with Mexico. Yet by uniting the two difficulties, the effect was to mislead the public mind into believing that there was a confused amorphous mess south of the Rio Grande which ought to result in military action both in Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. To the extent that this confusion has taken place. Both problems have been made more difficult. Separately either could be handled better. Together they are so surrounded with fog that Nicaragua stands to lose her sovereignty for years; while we have run the chance of being involved in a disastrous military imbroglio with Mexico.

The danger has not been a trifling one. There was a ticklish time when, before public opinion had a chance to express itself, before the leadership in Congress, in the press, in the peace organizations was fully unlimbered, some untoward incident might have plunged us into war; or under

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guise of fighting Bolshevism, under guise of combating Mexican meddling in Nicaragua, have led us to lift the embargo on arms at the Rio Grande and our Gulf ports and so plunge the Mexican people into not only civil but religious war; a conflict that would involve not only our foreign relations but our domestic life.

Nor is that danger past so long as our armed forces in Nicaragua attempt to coerce its political life and so long as our differences with Mexico remain unadjudicated. With the Senate away from Washington in March and its ventilating apparatus out of commission, a situation more rather than less tense may develop. It is to be hoped that the administration will respond to the clear expression of public sentiment with a constructive policy consonant with our democratic traditions. The enduring outcome hangs not alone on the swiftness with which important elements in the American public expressed themselves in January, but their tenacity and consecutive pressure in the weeks ahead. Therefore the significance of such appeals to President Coolidge as that signed by four hundred men and women in all walks of life, calling for arbitration. Therefore the significance of such joint letters as that signed by Judge Anderson and his associates in Boston in addressing Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, which should be duplicated in every state in the Union. Here is a situation where every reader of The Survey should let his or her views be known at Washington. The technical statement prepared and signed by an outstanding group of university men conversant with the fields of international relations and law, published on page 594 of this issue, affords a clear basis for individual thinking and action.

"The business of the United States is business," once said President Coolidge. But what sort of business? In its dealings with Mexico and Nicaragua in the last month his administration has raised that question from the Rio Grande to the Horn. And the answer lies not in assurances as to our good intention as guardians of the Western Hemisphere under the Monroe Doctrine, or intentions which look good to us; but in whether in the acid test of dealings with lesser states the peace of the United States is peace—or an alloy; whether the friendship of the United States is friendship—or a cover for something else; whether our belief in reason and justice is a belief in reason and justice.

ON January 20 a civic dinner commemorative of her many years of service to Chicago in far-sighted vision and action along many different lines was tendered to Jane Addams by her fellow-citizens. A committee representative of every walk in life, of every profession and faith, and of many different points of view united enthusiastically in the invitation, which hundreds hastened to accept. Standing four-square to the great issues of her generation, interpreting the liberal point of view, firm in her convictions but always with consideration of the viewpoint of others, no one holds the loyal admiration of hosts of people as much as Chicago's foremost citizen, Jane Addams. Under the leadership of Henry P. Chandler, with Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen as toastmistress, the opening address by Mayor William E. Dever, and the chief address by William Allen White, the dinner emphasized the contribution of the liberal to the nation and the world. Deeply beloved, highly honored, and staunchly supported, Miss Addams has exemplified as few in this country or any century, what tolerant, broad-visioned, courageous citizenship may be.

SINCE the pocket horse-chestnut went out of fashion, no one has been sure of a "cure" for rheumatism. Indeed, the scientific conception of the multitude of ailments which used to hide under that general name has undergone a steady change. Rheumatism once meant, at least popularly, the aches and pains of the aged, more or less inevitable, especially when the east wind blew. Now many of those complaints have been sorted out and attributed to their quite distinct and separate causes, such as focal infections and the like. There remains as the chief unsolved riddle of rheumatism the acute disease, with fever, which often attacks in childhood, and has been shown by careful studies to be a leading cause of heart disease in middle life and old age.

Medical opinion is swinging predominantly toward the view that rheumatic fever is an infection; there has been research in this country and in France to show that it apparently has been passed from one member of a family to another, that among troops it may assume the characteristics of an epidemic. There is, apparently, a connection between this kind of infection and other types of illness, such as tonsilitis and St. Vitus's dance. Probably the "growing pains" which our parents took for granted represent a very mild type of it. Beyond any doubt much of the appalling burden of chronic illness and premature death caused by heart disease in adult life could be lifted by the discovery of a specific method of preventing and treating rheumatic fever in children to augment the present general prescription of rest, good food, fresh air and careful supervision. There is, therefore, every reason for interest in the announcement that a group of Philadelphia scientists headed by Dr. James C. Small believe that they have isolated the organism which causes rheumatism and produced an anti-toxin which will combat it. As they themselves point out, there is need for further study and experimentation to establish the soundness of their work. It is still unconfirmed. When such treatment becomes available, it will give a specific method of attacking the infection which lies behind probably half of the cases of heart disease—and heart disease is increasingly in advance of all other ailments as the cause of death and chronic disability in the United States.

AMONG the minor difficulties of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe must have been the effort of remembering and providing suitably for the children's birthdays. It is a difficulty which social work is beginning to share to an embarrassing degree. Every month promising young organizations which were as unique and remarkable as a first baby at their start, though now they may have blazed a way for many young brothers and sisters, are announcing their attainment of a respectable span of years. The New York Federation for the Support of Jewish

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Philanthropic Societies, for example, has recently become a lusty urchin of ten, and points an energetic finger at its height and weight chart—an increase of its budget from $2,354,900 in 1917 to $4,538,482 in 1926; of its membership from 12,000 to 30,000; while 91 of the leading Jewish social agencies of the city now are included in its organization. A little older, in fact in the first flush of the adult state, the Young Women's Hebrew Association in New York, the first organization of its type in this country, announces a twenty-fifth birthday, while a few days ago the University Settlement in New York attained the fair (but no longer fat) maturity of forty. It is safe to predict that the happy returns of the day which we wish all these promising celebrants will bring them as many surprises as recurring anniversaries exhibit in a real family. The Jewish Federation, for example, though founded as a financial enterprise, already has two first-rate functional achievements to its credit—the coordination of delinquency work in the Jewish Board of Guardians and the establishment of the Jewish Children's Clearing Bureau. Ten years from now such modernistic accomplishments may seem as quaintly matter-of-fact as the campaign for public baths which was one of the early outstanding jobs of the University Settlement.

ONCE more, this time in a study of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, we have before us the enigmatic contrast between the custom of the United States and other English-speaking countries in respect to murder. The American homicide rate, i. e., the number of murders per thousand of population, is nearly twelve times that of the English, five and a half times the Canadian. Within the United States itself the differences are hardly less startling. There was no instance of homicide among the half million white policyholders of the company in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Colorado and Oregon in 1925. In the other New England states and in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Utah and the District of Columbia the rate was low, never exceeding 2.3. Yet in some of the southern states, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas and in Nebraska there were rates four or five times as high among the white population. For the colored, the rates for the whole country are ten times as great as for whites. Whether it be a question of law enforcement or its lack, of the cheapness of life in a comparatively new country, or of a national habit of action, it seems clear that Americans resort to murder much more readily than their English cousins or even their Canadian neighbors and that some Americans are more prone to it than others.

MOST of what we know about working wives and mothers comes from the gray impersonal columns of the census reports or the individualistic experience of the articulate pioneer who bursts into print to lament her personal failure or announce her personal success. A study of one hundred women "who are wives, mothers, homemakers and professional workers" just published by the Bureau of Vocational Information in New York City combines the advantages of a detached if sympathetic view and a case-study method which makes it possible to fill in those burning questions of incomes, servants, husbands and the like which cannot be included in large-scale official compilations. The outstanding discoveries reported by Virginia McMakin Collier, who made the study, are that the chief result of this "extra-activity" was happiness—happiness for the woman and hence for the members of her family, and that the study of one hundred women turned out to be also the study of one hundred men who sympathized in their wives' efforts and often took turns at the domestic chores. One surprising finding was that less than one-tenth of this favored group of professional workers had undertaken outside work solely because of financial necessity; for practically a half the financial question apparently did not play an important part. Yet the eighty-six who reported on their incomes had earned in one year an aggregate of nearly $300,000, or about $3,500 each. Mrs. Collier carried her researches from the offices into the homes, interviewed husbands, cast an interested eye over the children, heard what the teachers said of these products of the newer order of homemaking. And she found that "a scrutiny of these women reveals nothing strange and unnatural about them. Some of them are highly gifted, some of them are highly trained, many of them have an unusual insight into their duties as wives and mothers, all of them are capable, energetic, vital and idealistic. In short, they are much like other women only more so."

THE campaign to base science teaching on the Book of Genesis rather than on modern research is intensified by the forty legislative sessions being held this winter. No theory—and presumably no fact—"that denies the story of Divine creation as taught in the Bible" may be presented in any tax-supported school in Arkansas if the bill introduced in January becomes a law. On the same day a bill to prohibit the teaching of "every theory of evolution that denies the Divine creation of man" was presented in Alabama. According to the American Civil Liberties Union, campaigns for similar measures are under way in South Carolina, Washington, Oregon, Kansas, Florida, Virginia and California, backed by the Bible Crusaders, the Bryan Leaguers, the Fundamentalists' Association and "other well-financed organizations whose avowed object it is to put every teacher of evolution out of the tax-supported schools and colleges of America." The famous Tennessee law was declared constitutional in a recent decision handed down by the State Supreme Court, though the Scopes case was remanded for a new trial on a technicality. Attorneys for the defense are reported to be preparing a motion for a rehearing, and at the same time a movement is under way to ask the legislature to repeal the statute. In a study of anti-evolution laws made by the Union and published in a pamphlet available for general distribution, it is also pointed out that "local boards of education, especially in the South and West, are adopting similar measures as a simple way to abolish the teaching of evolution without stirring up public controversy."

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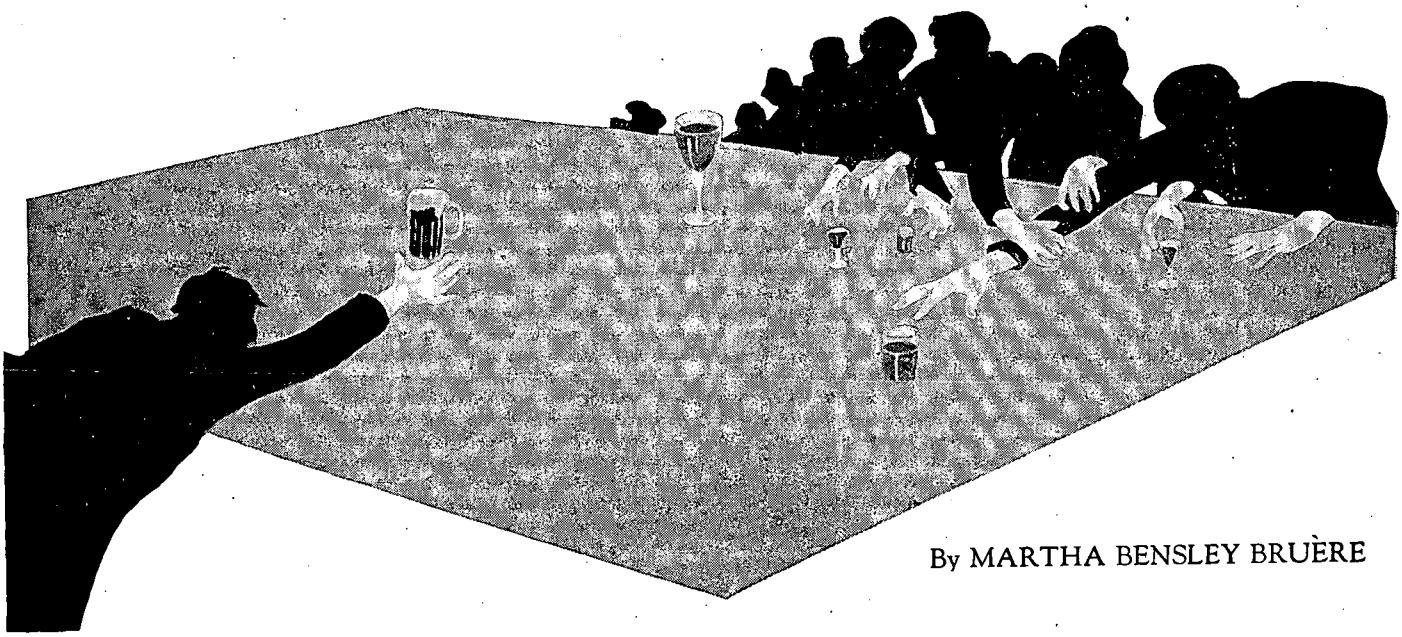
Does Prohibition Work?



By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

IN the Survey of May 15, 1926, Dr. Haven Emerson asked if the neighborhood houses no longer concerned themselves with the greatest experiment of our time and country —the operation of the Eighteenth Amendment. At the conference in Cleveland a few days later, the National Federation of Settlements decided to take up Dr. Emerson's challenge, to gather together their personal experiences of the changes in family and neighborhood life that accompanied the operation of the amendment and so help to prevent interested propagandists on either side from running away with public opinion on the subject. They appointed a committee, of which Lillian D. Wald of the Henry Street Settlement in New York city, is chairman, to carry out the inquiry. The study is about to be published under the title, Does Prohibition Work?

Like most studies, this one started trustingly with a questionnaire, a neat little thing of fifty-two questions, covering most phases of human experience, and thrown, with vast labor, into such form that no one of the fifty-two could be answered by "yes" or "no." It seemed important at that stage to circumvent the harrassed settlement head who might wish to say to the newest settlement resident, "Miss Angela Devine, will you just check this up before lunch and mail it back to those people, please?" This was, I fear, an unfortunate beginning, for, as I sped from coast to coast on the trail of that document, I found that it had strewn, not roses, but terror in my path.

I discovered a discouraging tendency of social workers to take up the time telling me about baby clinics and showing me the natural beauties of their countries, instead of wrestling with the questionnaire. West of Minneapolis I abandoned it altogether and so proceeded relatively unhampered. But in spite of the questionnaire, social workers, nurses, doctors, probation officers, teachers, and all the other social workers who cooperated with the settlement group, have responded wonderfully. From nearly every state they have sent word of what the amendment is doing to the people they know—of how prohibition works.

Their responses show, primarily, that this law, like other social legislation, does not operate in a vacuum. It is conditioned by race and occupation, by locality and education, by habits and inheritance. It is difficult to find a common denominator in terms of environment for a group of Sicilians working in an Omaha packing plant with a California grape crop delivered at their doors cheap, and the descendants of the covered-wagon trek into Oregon, now five generations removed from their ale-drinking English ancestors.

There aren't any more statistics in the final product than sneaked in on the hem of somebody's questionnaire. Margaret Bondfield, the Labour member of Parliament now visiting in this country, was looking on during one of the whirlwind moments when the material was settling into shape. She called it "an authentic document of public opinion." It is that, and planned to appeal to a public much larger than the one which usually reads or understands statistics: to the public which gets its information from newspapers and magazines and on whom the amendment depends.

The study has covered towns and cities, not the rural districts, for the obvious reason that it is in cities that social workers live and move and have their being and establish settlement houses. That fact is its most serious limitation because the prohibition amendment was born and raised in the country and only after a century of growth was it able to down its urban opponents. Another limitation is that it does not concern itself with college students or capitalists, with the professional or criminal classes, with the social frosting or the lower crust, but with that great mass of the people who work for their bread, live well or ill as wages go up or down, see prosperity somewhere ahead and poverty not very far behind, and to whom the social workers are neighbors.

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THE USES OF HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 593)

the eighteenth, and the industrial revolution of the nineteenth, the leaders have uniformly turned their backs with a fine scorn upon all concern with the past, while from the French Revolution onward embattled conservatives have uniformly appealed to history.

Yet history, rightly used, can be even more dangerous to the spirit of conservatism itself. The last generation has seen the rise of a group of historians who have resolutely met the conservative on his own ground. Fighting him with his own weapon, more sharply pointed and more skilfully handled, they have driven him from his chosen stronghold. They have made of history the great liberation. They have vindicated its new claim to be a potent means for cultivating intellectual freedom and sagacity. In this country the leader of the successful counter-attack has been James Harvey Robinson. For a generation he has inspired teachers and students to attack the spirit of conservativism and traditionalism through an understanding of history; his Mind in the Making has spread far and wide the danger of a moral overrating of the past. Hence when he joins with a scholar of the great gifts of James H. Breasted to offer us two volumes on the Conquest and the Ordeal of Civilization, we have the right to expect that here will be an outstanding example of history as an instrument of human enlightenment.

That he knows what such a history should be his magnificent epilogue "on the importance of being historically minded" makes abundantly clear. It would tell us whence have come our prevailing ideas, institutions, and ideals. It would trace the development of science and its applications. It would emphasize its effects upon our minds and our life. It would undermine prejudices and lead us to question what we have taken for granted. It would trace back the history of our ideas and analyze their hold upon us. It would loosen up our beliefs and give our thinking its necessary freedom. Such a history would thus increase our insight, and help us attain intellectual and moral majority.

It is to be fervently hoped that Mr. Robinson will soon write this history, for which he is so admirably equipped. He has the knowledge, and he has the wisdom and the temper of mind to do it. But neither he nor his colleague has given us such a work in these volumes. Instead, they have reissued, in most attractive form, two high-school text-books that have for some time given joy to students and teachers alike. Breasted's Ancient Times and Robinson's Medieval and Modern Times richly deserve all the popularity that new titles and dress can win them for the general reader. They have all the virtues of good text-books, including an unusual wealth of illustration. But they have also the inevitable limitations of text-books. They have been forced to include most of the traditional kings and queens, wars and politics, and they have had to omit most of the really important material that Mr. Robinson's conception of what history ought to be demands. Perhaps boys and girls can not be expected to understand what is involved in the growth of science, and its far-reaching effects on all men's beliefs. Perhaps the growth of industrialism, and its dependence upon the machine tool and the organization of credit, is too complicated for them. Perhaps the demands of the curriculum and of sensitive school boards are too

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much for even Mr. Robinson. Perhaps the doings of Napoleon deserve three times as much space as the whole development of science, and the wars and reforms of eighteenth century rulers twice as much as the industrial revolution. Perhaps the Reformation struggles are twenty times as important, for schoolboys, as the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century. But Mr. Robinson does not think so; and when he writes his history of civilization, he will feel free to set down what he really thinks. Even in text-books there is not much excuse for the perpetuation of Mr. Breasted's myths about the Great White Race and the onward and upward automatic evolution of civilization, nor for Mr. Robinson's uncritical acceptance of the traditional misconceptions of the birth of science and of the machine process.

The Human Adventure is well worth reading. It tells a fascinating story that cannot be too often told. But it does not tell the profound and genuinely enlightening story that Mr. Robinson will one day tell when he uses his great resources for the purpose which he, more than any other in our generation, has given to history.

J. H. RANDALL

Columbia University

THE CONQUEST OF CIVILIZATION, *by James H. Breasted. Harper's. 796 pp. Price* $5.00.
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A. L.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS, *by James Weldon and Rosamond Johnson. The Viking Press. 189 pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

WHAT PRICE SYSTEM?

(*Continued from page* 556)

"Ford's distrust of tradition is picturesque. When he wants a process improved, for instance the making of glass for windshields, he does not employ a glassmaker. Why not? 'Because,' says Henry, 'he'll decide from what he has done what he can do!' Rather there will be chosen an adventurer, with a fresh point of view. He will be set studying glass-making."

Ford accepts this method for improving processes, at least within limits. Something of the same method must be employed in education, it would seem, if we are to escape from mere schooling into education; that is, from regimentation of mind on the patterns of tradition into that larger experience within which both order and freedom will have their places. For such escape, educational processes must be studied by men whose minds have either never been subordinated to traditional academic routines, or have completely escaped such subordination. In the education of the future, what has been done must not be permitted to dictate what can be done. The System failed to meet the needs of Chicago thirty years ago, and a great experiment was undertaken for the purpose of finding a better educational instrument. That experiment may have failed of its purposes, but experimentation has not failed. The better instrument must yet be found. The System that failed thirty years ago will scarcely succeed today. Eventually we shall again come upon the currents of social experimentation and following them closer to their sources, we shall win nearer to the heart of life. Chicago, herself, will some day become aware of her former leadership in educational experimentation and will learn to be proud of her turbulent past. Some day she will want to learn what it was all about; and finding out, she will, soon or late, regain her former courage and she will undertake, on more intelligent and practical lines, the fostering of that old experimental mood, in the great hope that she may find out, eventually, how to educate both her children—and herself, not for the dogmatic past but for the democratic future.

WHEN CO-EDUCATION WAS YOUNG

(*Continued from page* 561)

Christmas holiday, our home being the center of a group of Cornell students, I went back to college in 1879 carrying, unhappily, a diphtheria infection and arrived in Ithaca in a stupor. The students who, unaware of this, had kindly come in an open sleigh to meet me, found me unconscious. On the way to Sage College we passed the home of Dr. Winslow who joined us. He spent the rest of the night vainly seeking an "experienced nurse" with students as messengers, and of course without a telephone.

Although Ithaca had been ten years a university town, in 1879 an infirmary was not yet thought of, and hospital nurses were not to be found outside of New York city. Because the untrained local nurse was ignorant of the danger of overdosing and forgot the doctor's order to discontinue after ten days, I received large doses of brandy at two hours' intervals, from January to mid-May, following strychina, and other poisons. Three years out of college were the penalty paid for that illness and that untrained nurse.

Not until March, 1882, could I return to Ithaca, when thesis, with examinations in a multitude of subjects brought me a bachelor's degree and, two years later, when the Cornell Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was formed, a key as well.

IMMEDIATELY after receiving my degree at Cornell, I applied to the University of Pennsylvania for permission to enter for further study in advanced Greek. After long failure of the Faculty to respond, Father addressed to the trustees a formal request for my admission. The reply of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, editor of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare and son of Dr. William H. Furness, Father's friend of many years, was perhaps not surprising for those days. The ground of Dr. Furness' opposition to my entrance was that, the older he grew and the more he knew people, the lower his opinion of them became and the more abhorrent the thought of young men and women meeting in the classroom.

Not for several years did we know the real reason of the refusal of the trustees. In 1882, Professor Francis Jackson, a distant relative of my grandfather, Isaac Pugh, was dean of the classical department and debarred thereby from comment upon the decision. Only after he had severed connection with the university could he write me, explaining that I was not admitted because in 1882 there was no advanced Greek at the University!

It is a far cry from that refusal to the granting by the University of Pennsylvania, a few years ago, of a Ph.D. degree to a young Colored woman, bachelors' and doctors' degrees being long since common for white women.

My intent was to study law and this setback did not lead me to abandon it. Graduate Greek had meant only a vestibule to a law school, and the path thither now developed naturally through acquaintances formed around our table at Sage College. My brother William and I sailed in December, 1882, for the Riviera via Liverpool, London and Paris. His temporary blindness detained us until Spring at Avigon, and for-

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tunately never recurred. This was a lonely sojourn because few people in the little Provençale city spoke French. One brilliant evening, however, stands out in the midst of that grim, gray experience. Miss Thomas stopped overnight at our hotel on her way to Italy. She had been studying at Leipsic and had just received at Zurich her doctor's degree *summa cum laude,* and was a most cheerful and stimulating companion, the more so by contrast with our long loneliness. She returned to America and became first dean, then president, of Bryn Mawr. Our chance meeting suggested Zurich for me as a last resort, if Oxford should prove impossible; and to Zurich I went. At that point, however, our ways parted, although to this day the uncompleted task of breaking barriers to the full intellectual life shares with the social claims of industry my permanent incandescent interest.

THE century long struggle to open wide the new world of higher education was hardly more than begun in my girlhood. It is by no means over yet, while the law schools of Harvard and Columbia still exclude women, and Negro students strive now as we strove then for admission on equal terms everywhere.

So long as women hardly exist as full professors in state universities, and Dr. Alice Hamilton's experience as a member of the medical faculty of Harvard remains unique, that struggle is far from ended. Equal opportunity in the field of education does not mean remaining forever students, it means also teaching in the highest ranks, and sharing work and responsibility of administration. It is a noble distinction of the University of Chicago, well worth of special notice, that Sophonisba Breckenridge and Edith Abbott are full professors, and Miss Abbott is dean of the *Graduate* School of Social Service Administration.

The dearth of women trustees and regents indicates how little the great national organizations of women have appreciated their own power, and the vast amount of hard work that remains to be done. If, as these enormous bodies grew in influence, we had appreciated the efficacy of insistent criticism and unwearied persuasion, women trustees and regents of state, county, and city institutions of learning would now be everywhere at work. They could have made impossible the policy of limiting undergraduate women in co-educational universities to daughters living at home or students in dormitories. This is an odious barrier.

Women in large numbers on administrative boards could have increased vastly the paltry number of interneships open to women; for they could have stood for the principle that hospitals (state, city or county) can not, if maintained out of taxes, discriminate on grounds of sex against candidates offering equally good credentials.

Endowed hospitals, also, could have been made aware that remaining tax exempt may depend upon giving women a fair share of interneships.

A stimulus which we have failed generally to apply is withholding gifts and bequests from schools which discriminate against women. These are ungracious measures, but they are obviously necessary. I remember how Miss Garrett of Baltimore opened, long ago, the Johns Hopkins Medical School, which celebrated in 1926 its semi-centennial. She agreed to a large gift, and withheld it until women students were granted equal opportunities. The school has both admitted women, and had on its medical faculty a woman of distinction. Yet Dr. Florence Sabin, with title and duties of professor of histology, never exercised the administrative functions of a *full* professor. Now her position with the Rockefeller Foundation is equivalent to a full professorship.

It is startling that Johns Hopkins, founded to be a pioneer, lists today not one woman as *full* professor. Great is the social injury following the grudging treatment of women who desire to enter the medical profession.

Astonishing too is the limited number of women *full* professors in co-educational colleges and professional schools. In state universities the few who have the title and work of *full* professor are often hampered by lower salaries and scant appropriation for equipment. Among distinguished names are Anna Botsford Comstock at Cornell, Louise Pound at Nebraska, Jessica Peixotto at California, Dr. Eliza Mosher

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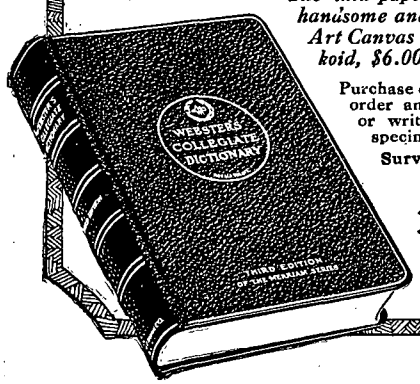

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at Michigan, who as professor of hygiene and dean of women in 1886, was the first full professor but not in the Medical School. Barbara Bartlett of the Department of Hygiene and Public Health is a full professor and a member of the faculty of the Medical Department.

In Household Economics, their own great contribution to university work, women are of course to be found in considerable numbers as full professors.

It is amazing that Wellesley and Lake Erie alone, apparently among women's colleges enjoying the prestige of a half century as independent degree-conferring foundations, have always had women at the head, Vassar and Smith having always had men as presidents. Miss Thomas' long service as President at Bryn Mawr was preceded by that of a man.

On every hand laments resound because of the dearth of men equipped to meet the demand of unparalleled throngs of candidates for admission. How greatly enriched the students of today would be, if the women of ability and academic training, who have during the past half-century been discouraged from fitting themselves for posts of the greatest responsibility, had been generously welcomed and encouraged!

BEHOLD a shining example of this crabbed spirit in college life.

Margaret Hicks, a fellow student only a year my senior, took charge of me that snowy night in January, when I so nearly died at Cornell, risking her life, for anti-toxin did not then exist. She was the beloved friend of my youth, and there followed a friendship between her mother and myself precious still when Mrs. Louis Prang is celebrating her ninetieth birthday, a beautiful, dignified and gracious woman.

When I received my degree, Margaret and I helped to found a New England branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. After her early death in 1883, her mother wished to aid in work which had so keenly interested her only child, and applied for membership in the Association, but was ineligible, not being herself an alumna. She cherished, however, throughout twenty-two years of work with the Prang Educational Company the desire to become a member.

Mrs. Prang finally entered Radcliffe, following a course of study there with the Harvard Lowell lectures, and received from Harvard University in June, 1916, in the eightieth year, the certificate issued to men and women alike with the title Associate in Arts. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae which Mrs. Prang then joined has since become the American Association of University Women.

Harvard University offered in 1917 graduate courses to which women were admitted. Mrs. Prang entered the Graduate School of Education and received in June, 1921, in the eighty-fifth year, the degree Master of Education of Harvard University.

Thereupon a young Harvard professor, deploring the admission of women to the School of Education, said: "Yes, women are coming in. They can't be kept out. And when they are everywhere in the University it will be recognized that Mrs. Prang was the camel's nose. However," he added after a pause, "the *College* will never grant a degree to a woman."

IN my own profession, the exclusion of women from the best equipped law schools with greatest prestige is most injurious for it delays the needed membership in the courts of women with every requisite qualification. The Supreme Court of the United States has taught us, in recent years that, until this change is made, the most defenseless of our people, women and children who must earn their living in industry, need not hope for social justice.

In the next instalment, Mrs. Kelley will take us from Ithaca to Zurich—and tell of her novitiate for a share in woman's place in the economic as well as the intellectual world.

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SHALL THE STATE OF NEW YORK GO INTO THE WATER BUSINESS?

(*Continued from page* 564)

when the time came for renewal? The state would be obliged to accept their terms or proceed to build distributing lines itself, a proposition which even the Governor recognizes as wasteful and inadvisable. I can very well see how existing companies would favor the Governor's plan, since the state would take all the risk and they would derive the benefit, but, from the business standpoint of the state, the proposition is indefensible.

4. Finally, let us consider whether the existing State Water Power Act and the Federal Water Power Act, on which it is based, are so fundamentally deficient as to justify our discarding them in favor of the proposed plan, in spite of its obvious dangers and defects.

At the outset, let us dispose of the totally unfounded charge that under the existing law the state is deprived of ownership and control. It keeps both. The law contemplates the development of our power resources by private capital under a system of limited leases and the strictest kind of government supervision and regulation.

The lease would be for fifty years, the lessee to pay an annual license charge based on the horsepower developed. the state to have the right to readjust the charge at the end of the first five years and at the end of every ten-year period thereafter. The state reserves the right to regulate the use and distribution of the power generated, to fix the rates to be charged by the licensee and to regulate the service, capitalization and secured debt of the licensee and the licensed project. The licensee is required, in the case of the St. Lawrence, to provide all necessary transmission lines to centers of distribution.

During the coures of construction, the licensee is to file once in every six months a detailed statement of the cost of the project, and if, in the judgment of the Water Power Commission, any part of the expenditures have been wasteful or even made in bad faith, the Commission may exclude them.

There has been much misunderstanding as to the right of recapture. Upon the expiration of the license period, all of the property covered by the license becomes the property of the state, free and clear. It is expected, of course, that the licensee will set up a reserve sufficient to amortize his investment during the license period. Upon the final completion of the project, and thereafter at any time upon five years' notice, the state reserves the right to take over all the property at actual cost—not reconstruction cost—less the amount set aside for amortization plus 15 per cent on the remainder sum. Actual cost is defined, and there is no way that "good will" or franchise value could be included, as has been loosely charged by some people who haven't read the proposed leases or the law.

It is difficult to see how anyone in his senses, who has read such a proposed lease, can claim that the state is parting with the ownership and control of its water-power resources. Under the present law, the people of the state get the full benefit of private initiative and of the experience and knowledge of men trained in the business. This will insure economical development and efficient operation. The danger of unfair distribution, excessive profits and exploitation is completely guarded against by reserving to the state control of capitalization, capital expenditures, distribution of power, and regulation of rates and service, and, if all these fail, the right to step in and take over the property upon five years' notice.

In exchange for this system, developed and tried by experience, we are asked to accept a political formula which will have to be fortified by much study, careful investigation and accumulation of facts before it attains the dignity of an economic policy.

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On "Spreading Thin"

AN old German scholar, on his deathbed, bewailed the shortness of his life saying:

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So it is with all of us. We are tempted to try to learn something about too many things. We spread too thin.

Each social agency listed on this page covers a subject which alone could absorb many lifetimes of study by the individual reader of The Survey. In its particular field, each agency has given years of the time of its trained personnel to research. The information it has gathered is offered to Survey readers on request. (Please make your request specific.)

Don't "spread thin." Select the one subject that interests you most. Ask the agency which covers that subject to help you study it. Make a hobby of it.

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BUT the War did more than destroy the great momevent for economic emancipation and scatter the forces mobilized in that cause. It shook men's confidence in the soundness and feasibility of the entire enterprise. It swept men's hearts with a wave of disillusionment unprecedented in the history of our young and ardent democracy. Up to 1914 all things had seemed possible here in America. It was a stupendous undertaking—to subdue the power and arrogance of organized capitalism and remould it to the democratic pattern of the rights of man! We must grapple with a system infinitely more potent than the slave oligarchy of the last century—meet a conflict of crisis and disaster more terrific, perhaps, than that of the Civil War. But we could do it! The idealism of America was alert and determined! Our people, born and bred of pioneer stock, had only to see the new frontier, and catch the vision of its larger, freer life, to yield at once to the pull of its attraction. For the very stars in their courses were fighting for us. Ours was "a manifest destiny." America was the promised land—and the promise was just around the corner.

But now all this is changed. We have no confidence any more—no confidence even that we were ever justified in having confidence! For we see America differently today. We discover not that our hope of it is gone, but that this hope never really existed except as an illusion. It might have existed—and been in time fulfilled, for America was a new world ready for any destiny. But this destiny was not a God's decree but of man's making, and this making was betrayed. Instead of being what it seemed to be and might have been, the promised land of man's age-old seeking, America is only the promised land of one little period of his striving. America in other words, is become the paradise of capitalism. An economic system shaken to its foundations in Europe by the War, has in this country by that same War been reestablished on foundations that threaten to endure so long as this civilization of ours lasts at all. Capitalization here is so powerful that it can afford to be blessed; its despotism is so sure that it amuses itself with being benevolent. Our people are fat, corrupt, contented. But we are slaves just the same. No abundance of wealth, no distribution of material comforts and luxuries, no gracious lifting of the standards of life and labor, can alter the reality that we are the bondsmen of a system rooted in the exploitation of life in the interest of property. The fact that conditions are so extraordinary in this country that for the first time since the Industrial Revolution capitalistic exploitation can keep a people in reasonable comfort, instead of casting them into utter poverty, only aggravates a prospect which is thereby revealed as a Utopia which some men are too selfish and most men too stupid or indifferent to achieve.

What is worth fighting for in such a situation? What indeed, cry the "tired radicals"? Prohibition—undoubtedly; birth control—if we be wise; child labor reform—for every mercy's sake; the abolition of capital punishment—in the name of justice. But the system itself—that *enfame,* to quote the word which Voltaire flung at the dominant despotism of his day—how can we crush that? "A radical movement flourishes," says a contemporary authority, "only when there is some hope of immediate achievement, or when conditions make men desperate." Neither condition exists, or may ever exist, in any time now visible, in this country.

WHAT IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR IN AMERICAN LIFE

(*Continued from page* 551)

When capitalism has collapsed, in accordance with the Sidney and Beatrice Webb formula, everywhere else in the world, it may well find in America its last impregnable bulwark of survival. Such abundance of natural resources, such wealth of human material, such technical efficiency and mechanical ingenuity, are not going to be exhausted in one generation or two. Yet must we fight, as Voltaire fought for a revolution which he never saw, as Keir Harde fought in darkness for a light which burned only in his radiant soul. Fight if only for our own sake, as a matter of spiritual self-respect!

And as we fight, we can find courage by looking elsewhere—abroad over the world where fights are being fought through to triumphant issues—to India where Gandhi and his devoted millions are battling against the corruptive and enslaving influences of western life, to Russia where the first vast experiment in economic as contrasted with political democracy is slowly making way, to England where a militant labor movement is preparing to take over and refashion the tumbling edifice of British imperialism. Here may we feed our starving hopes, reanimate our dying faith, by living for the moment in victories which we can help but cannot share. Thus did the English liberals in the long midnight from 1789 to 1815. Darkness was in their land, but across the Channel, in revolutionary France, they saw a star, flaming red and terrible, but promising none the less the coming of the day.

WHAT I see, as I look at the world today, is a shifting of the center of human destiny. For a hundred years—throughout all the nineteenth century—that center was in America. Here were focussed the hopes, as here were turned the eyes, of men. It was in this country that humanity was at last to gain release from poverty, oppression, war, and death. This was the New Atlantic in fact and not in fable. But the twentieth century has brought a change. The America which captured and subdued the slave forever has herself been captured and subdued by capitalism. In a world destined to revolutionary triumphs of industrial democracy in this century, as it enjoyed similar triumphs of political democracy in the last century, America's role of leadership is forfeit. She no longer has any significance, at least for the present generation, except the awful significance of a people who have allowed the promise of their years to be defeated by the fat materialism of a corrupt age.

The light of hope now burns elsewhere, in other places, on far horizons. The center of human destiny, as I have said, has shifted. What really matters at this moment is what is happening in India, in Russia, in Great Britain. Here the fight is lagging. There is nothing that we can do but beat ourselves to pieces against the solidly triumphant front of capitalism at home and imperialism abroad. We can die "against the wall," as Matthew Arnold urged. But in Russia the wall has tumbled, in England it is tumbling, and in India it is getting shaky. It is in these (*Continued on page* 608)

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WHAT IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR IN AMERICAN LIFE

(*Continued from page* 605)

places that the victories of our time are coming. It is there rather than here that things worth fighting for exist.

But this is no reason for discouragement, except to the American who cannot see beyond the borders of his own country. It is humanity that counts, not the single nation. What we need here is the universal viewpoint, which discovers that one unchanging battle for mankind which never ends. The front of such a battle is in no one soil; it stretches from continent to sea, from sea to continent, as the western front of the Allies stretched from Belgium to France, and from France to Switzerland. This front is held by no one flag or army; it martials the hosts of humankind as the Allies martialed the regiments of a dozen nations. This front at different points moves forward, or moves back, or digs in and holds its own. But it's all the same great cause, commanded by some master mind to the same great end. Today I see America beset by forces overwhelmingly powerful and thus for the moment not to be overcome. All we can do is to possess our souls, and if possible hold some remnant of our strength together. But at other points in the field, the banners are lifted, the trumpets sounding, the lines surging forward—painfully, slowly, to be sure, but *forward*. And some day, near or far, our turn will come again. We also shall win the victory.

What matters, therefore, what is happening to us here now? What matters any fate, at any place or moment, if it is the eternal principle of right which we are serving? "Our principle," said Abraham Lincoln, to an audience of Kansans in a day black for the cause of freedon, "our principle, however baffled or delayed, will finally triumph, I do not permit myself to doubt. Men will pass away—die, die politically and naturally; but the principle will live and live forever. Organizations rallied around that principle may go to pieces, thereby losing all their time and labor; but the principle will remain, and will reproduce another, and another, till the final triumph will come."

TEN YEARS

(*Continued from page* 575)

of his program. The world has felt that he was ruthless and cruel, but the fact is that Lenin was one of the most merciful figures in the Bolshevik party. He usually advocated leniency toward his enemies. He was willing to flay an opponent unmercifully in a public speech, but be friendly afterwards. In debate, he has called some of his closest supporters fools and idiots, but he never lost their admiration. He was very different from Woodrow Wilson in that he picked the strongest men to serve with and around him, and he gave them as much power and responsibility as they could use. Actually, Lenin did not have so much legal power as Stalin now holds.

Lenin was willing to pay the cost of what he undertook. He never looked back. Through prison and exile, through assassination and civil war, he went steadily forward towards his ideal. He lived as the common people lived. During 1921 when fuel was scarce, he himself worked in a cold office.

There were, indeed, many weaknesses in his character. He must have been grossly unfair to his opponents, but more than any other leader of the world today he was able to make the masses feel that he was sharing their life, their sacrifices, their hardships, and their longings. It was perhaps this trait more than any other which makes for the Lenin cult in Russia today. In only a decade his name has come to be worshipped. One can go into a village which bitterly condemns the Bolsheviks and find that they honor Lenin. His name will probably hold as high a place in Russia as that of Washington in America.

Stalin sat at the feet of Lenin while he lived. For a time he was his secretary. I had not met him in the old days, but knew that he served on Trotsky's committee which engineered the practical details of seizing the power from Kerensky. His life story, in common with many other Bolshevik leaders, is more dramatic than a thrilling adventure story.

Born in 1879, Stalin has probably crowded more fighting action into forty-seven years than any other surviving ruler in the world. His father was a Gruzin, living in the Province of Tiflis, in the Caucasus—a peasant who did shoe-repairing. The family name, Dshugsahvili, was dropped by the son after he had been repeatedly arrested by the Tsar's police. He used a number of revolutionary pseudonyms, but Stalin, which means "steel," was the one that finally held. In his present position the name is not entirely inappropriate.

Stalin's mother was devoutly religious, and he himself was sent to a theological school. Caught reading Karl Marx, he was expelled from the seminary and at eighteen plunged into revolutionary agitation. He escaped arrest until he was twenty-three, when he was sentenced to Siberia for three years, but he managed to escape. At the Congress of the Social Democratic Party, between the Bolshevik and the Menshevik factions, Stalin first met and sided with Lenin. From that time his life was a series of arrests, escapes, and revolutionary battles for his party. He was arrested six times, spent eight years in prison or exile, escaped five times. He was later the editor of The Truth, the Worker and Soldier, Proletariat, The Worker's Way, and The Worker.

He was one of the Committee of Five that managed the Bolshevik Revolution. From 1917 to 1923, as people's commissar of nationalities, he devised the successful policy of giving autonomy and local freedom to nationalities within the Union. He was an officer in the fighting against Udenitch, Denikin, and the Poles and was decorated with the highest Soviet order of the Red Sign. It is the custom for soldiers of the Red Army to greet a commander with a cheer. On the front near Petrograd one December, Stalin noticed that the soldiers did not cheer him. Halting one Stalin asked, "Why?" The man pointed to his feet, clad in straw sandals. Stalin took off his own leather boots and gave them to the soldier, taking in return the straw sandals. All that winter he wore straw sandals.

Stalin's present official posts are general secretary of the Central Committee of the Russian Communistic Party, a member of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics, and a member of the Presidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee. He is also dominant in the all-powerful Political Bureau.

He has won his way because he has the qualities which make for a good political boss. He is a good mixer. He works through others. He makes few speeches but has a group organization of dependable henchmen. His personal qualities win allegiance. He has that magnetic personality which wins personal loyalty on the part of the few but does not captivate the multitude, as Lenin and Trotsky did. He is fearless and self-sacrificing. He has been consistent in fighting for what he believes to be right, and he does not antagonize anyone except those who are his bitter enemies. He has built up a political machine which rivals some of the most powerful in our own country. Stalin has, so far as I can see, no original philosophy. His merit is in knowing how to work with others.

He is one of the few prominent Russian revolutionists who have not lived outside of Russia. He stands for a purely Russian program against men like Zinovieff, who would stake more on world revolution. His policy is to build up the country for the benefit of both peasants and workers and it is this which is likely to keep him in power for some time to come.

To sum up cryptically, which is always unfair: The Tsarist leaders thought in terms of national glory; the Kerensky regime in terms of western democratic idealogy independent of immediate popular desires; the Bolsheviks united a clearly thought-out revolutionary Marxian philosophy with a willingness to give the masses whatever they wanted so long as it did not jeopardize their goal. Trotsky was the action-genius of the Revolution, Lenin its prophet, Stalin remains its most forceful and brilliant politician.

Here, then, is the epic drama of the Russian revolution. No one can say that it has not produced brilliant leadership. It is too early to appraise it, but that it has been grossly distorted, maliciously maligned, and inexcusably maltreated by American public opinion every intelligent student of Russian affairs must admit. When the history of the past hundred years is written, it is conceivable that outcast and despised Russia will have contributed as much to human progress as any other country.

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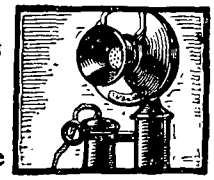

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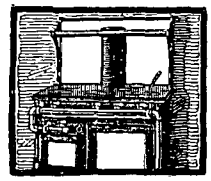

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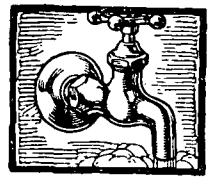

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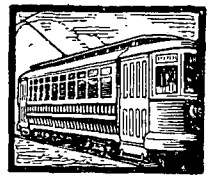

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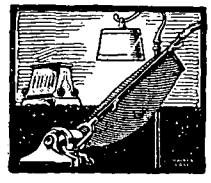
1 3/100¢
for electricity



and out of the family dollar all these cost only 6¢

Cheap electricity is essential to the low cost of these public services. For a quarter of a century the G-E monogram has been on the apparatus developed to make electricity and turn it into useful light, heat, and power. It is on the big motors that run trolleys and trains, that pump gas and water—on MAZDA lamps and on the little motors that do the work of the home. Look for it when you buy electrical equipment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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